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(G. A. B.)

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'THOUGHTS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,' ETC.

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Dedicated

BY THE PARENTS OF

GEORGE ADDERLEY BISHOP

TO HIS

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE FRIENDS.

'O haud ye leal and true,
Your day it's wearing thro',
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain,
This warld's cares are vain,
We'll meet and we'll be fain
I' the Land o' the leal.'

PREFACE.

'EARTH, with her thousand voices, praises God,'* and if to us it is given to gather some of the many vibrations of a single voice, and binding them in one accord, offer them to the praise of the glory of God, shall we not give Him thanks? What though a minor key ever and again sends forth its longing wistfulness? What though in the most triumphant harmonies it mingle its notes of sorrow and sadness? It is not amiss, for the minor has answered to the human heart till it has been called the 'music of nature;' and, surely, no soul ever sought or found its God, but its deepest chords were sounded, and its most pathetic strains touched.

* Coleridge.

To know God. All that is sorrowful and sad, all that is noble, and great, and joyful, is summed up in the knowledge of what we are, and of what He is. What depths to shrink from; what heights to scale! We cannot but welcome every voice and every sound that shall teach us something of these; and as we think thus, and remember the blessed life that is now *his*, we can even praise and bless our Father for the bright, grand, young life snatched away from our too sad earth—that cannot bear to part so hastily from its fairest and best—and pray Him to engraft in our hearts and memories the words, and, above all, the *life* of him who has been chosen to the honour of an early death. Thus may we become 'followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.'

'Through faith;' weak faith, ignorant faith, faltering faith; faith that doubted itself, that struggled and failed, that stretched forth its hands for hope and love to strengthen it, and through bitter trials was purified as gold in the

fire, shining even by such fierce light 'more and more unto the perfect day.'

'Through patience;' patience that was often tired and weary, that needed to hold self in with a strong hand, that fainted in the conflict, that dreaded, though it welcomed the fight that should make it victorious on God's side; the struggle, and then the sore, yet triumphant thrust that should overcome pride, and cast it from the heart that longed to be God's alone.

Oh, do not these things touch our spirits? Do not they awaken in us a hunger and thirst after righteousness? a longing that we were steadfastly set in our heavenly course, even as our friend; a desire that our natures, like His, should be so noble, that great pride were our worst inmost enemy, and our spirits grand enough to revolt from that pride, to despise it, to hold it mean and contemptible, and at the blessed name of Jesus, to cast it at His feet, holding the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. And if the 'reproach' of Christ is *that*,

what must be the love, and the joy, and the peace of Christ?

'Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ,' said St. Paul. This, also, is ever the message God's faithful ones leave behind them. Those who cannot but weep for the loss of this bright spirit, plucked away from their own innermost circle, and from the high hope of service in the Father's kingdom on earth, may yet rejoice greatly at the honour laid upon him, and at the higher than any earthly service to which he is called.

It is not dishonouring to God to feel such wrenches deeply. It does not mean that He is not sufficient to soothe and comfort in the midst of sorrow. It does not mean that those left behind foster self-will and rebellion. What is it but that they can so ill spare the reflection of Himself in mind, body, and spirit; that something which, being God-like, imperceptibly brought them nearer to Christ, and raised their whole moral nature? There is that in such a

loss which must for ever bless, and all the more as it is felt the more deeply.

Let none fear then to clasp such blessed losses, with both hands, to their heart. Has He not said, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also?' It is his own promise, nor will He chide for want of love to Himself, as He reads in such hearts that the thought of their 'treasures' is synonymous with holy aspirations, and humbleness of mind, and faithful service. It is Himself in them that has been the marvellous attraction, and made of this world, 'Earth a HEAVEN, in homelier dress.'

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CHAPTER I.

'AND THE CHILD MINISTERED BEFORE THE LORD.'

'The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats:
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.'

'THE bright animated joyous lad!' 'the dear gentle loving laddie!' Such are two of the many endearing appellations given to George Adderley Bishop, as he lay in his last earthly struggle; and they bring him back to our minds in his vigour and strength with so strange a realization that we can hardly believe that his bright life has been caught away from our midst for ever. Perhaps more than any

other description, they give the true idea of him to those who did not know him, especially if we add the words of a long-standing friend, and of another who had but a slight acquaintance with him, 'My dear old friend and school-fellow,' and 'a pleasant and upright man.' It is from words like these, and the unspoken connexions and suggestions that accompany them, that we can bring him to the imagination of others.

Such was he; such is he—

> 'For sitting at the Saviour's feet, and gazing on His face,
> Surely he'll not unlearn one gentle human grace.'

We would fain linger over his steadfast Christian life, its struggles and failures and sorrows, its hopes and aspirations and victories, and its last joyful burst of praise, and humbly ask that whether 'in childhood, manhood, age, or death,' our hearts may be set as true as his.

He was born on 24th February, 1853, the fifth son in a large family, and was brought up amidst all the care and sheltering love of a Christian home. A month after his birth, his parents removed to The Mount, a pretty country-

house in Staffordshire; and as they finally removed from there only a few weeks before his death, it seems to be connected in a special way with the earthly life of this dear son.

In a home where from infancy the children have been told of God's great salvation, and His wonderful will concerning us, perhaps one of the greatest difficulties which meet the parents is that of knowing whether the truth has merely reached the little ones in the same way as any other well-known facts, which, however true, may yet be powerless for influence upon the life; or if it has entered into the heart, and living there is gradually moulding them into that 'image' which it is our heavenly Father's desire to see in each of His children.

As regards George, this anxiety was soon removed. No doubt the feeling of terrible dissatisfaction with everything connected with self, and the eager longing for Christ, which afterwards came out so strongly in the man, were present in a lesser degree in the child, making him feel the need of something beyond self to satisfy his young heart. However it were, whether chiefly through the boy's own hidden seeking, or chiefly through the outward instru-

mentality to which he himself attributed it, of some meetings conducted by a working man, which he attended at that time, this we know, that at about eleven years old that loving look of recognition took place between him and the Good Shepherd, and he knew that all he had learned about God was true for himself; that this God was his God; this Christ was his Saviour; this Holy Spirit was his Friend and Teacher. In gladness and light-heartedness he could look up and speak those personal words which tell of such a haven of shelter and strength amidst 'the waves of this troublesome world,' 'I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.'

Did this make any wonderful difference? No, except to himself. He lived on the same happy boy-life as before; lessons, play, holidays, and the regular routine of home-life; hardly ever speaking of his inner life, except to a sister, a year older than himself. The two children had the habit of meeting together alone to pray, both for themselves and for their other brothers and sisters, that they also might know and love God in their hearts. Two years later an abundant answer came.

In the spring of 1867, a series of weekly

services and meetings were commenced at their home. Many received blessing, and amongst others three elder brothers, who, partly owing to these gatherings, and partly to other gracious influences, were brought into fellowship and sympathy with George in the course of the year; the reserve fell away at the touch of heavenly kinship, and freely they spoke together of Him who 'is altogether lovely.'

> 'The love of Jesus, what it is,
> None but His loved ones know.'

Nor do any but they know the strong, and intimate, and tender tie with which it links together the hearts of those who have but one object in life, and but one aim for eternity, 'to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.'

For some years George went daily to a school in the neighbourhood. His master, Mr. Charles Osmond, gives us this short mention of his time there :—

'*April* 10, 1876.

'I was very fond of your dear son George, and have a good general recollection of his career here. I do not think that his Christian

character was sufficiently developed whilst with me to show itself much externally. I recollect him as (to use the common phrase) a "good" boy, but not as one who professed to be, or gave evidence of being, above the usual standard of good boys. During the best part of the time he was with me, I distinctly recollect that he displayed and appeared to cultivate a more mirthful demeanour than had before been natural to him; and I as distinctly recollect that I attributed it at the time, whether rightly or wrongly, to his thinking that Christian faith and hope might properly be indicated in that manner.'

At fifteen he left home for the first time, and went to a public school. With fear, and yet desire; with shrinking, and yet hope, he entered on his new life. It was a loyal and true heart, ready to be loyal to Christ, at the cost of any personal vexation or loss, aye, and far more than merely 'ready to be.' He was eagerly longing that in the school-world, where he knew that Christ would probably be 'lightly esteemed,' he might stand up for Him; eagerly longing that in a place where hardly any one cared for Him, he might cry, 'I do! I do!'

eagerly longing that where the most glorious, and holy, and majestic cause in the universe was thought of little worth, he might have some hand in bringing the general ideas of things into somewhat truer proportions.

Was it a foolish thing for a boy to attempt? What did God in heaven think when He looked into that young heart burning to show itself on His side, and to support His cause?

Having seen this much, it will be easy to imagine the kind of life he led, full of zeal, though not always 'zeal according to knowledge.' The great difficulty of living a *consistent*, Christian life soon burst upon him. The first flood soon reached him of that petty persecution, that contempt and ridicule which in some form or other will be the share of those who choose the highest and noblest lot in life. The mere fact of his venturing to read his Bible and pray morning and evening brought on him a torrent of abuse, followed very shortly by more active measures to induce him to desist.

We shall never know what he went through, and can only guess something of the strength of manly endurance which characterised the boy from the fact that by an apparent accident it

was discovered one evening that petty persecutions having failed of their end, he was that night to 'run the gauntlet' of the whole dormitory.

We can but thank God that the unflinching young spirit was spared this ordeal. Some extracts from letters written about this time to one to whom he owed much speak for themselves.

'I am not happy. I didn't bear testimony last night; I did read, but nobody saw me, and I was so wickedly afraid of any one seeing me that I couldn't enjoy it at all. Satan's temptations are so strong here; do pray that I may resist them.'

'I hardly ever have a battle to fight now, but Jesus, I hope, will give me some more to fight in.'

'It is so good of Jesus to give me such a lot of dear ones to pray for me. I do feel the effects so very much sometimes. It makes me live very close to Jesus. But I was a little humbled last night: Mr. —— asked all the fellows who were going to be confirmed to come into his dining-room on Sunday. So I and fourteen others went, and we said the Church Catechism all round. Very few of them said it correctly; and

I couldn't answer one question myself, but one of them specially made such ridiculous mistakes that it made all the boys laugh, and I couldn't help laughing myself—I was so vexed with myself for it. One thing he said was that the Apostles' Creed taught him two things, viz.: his duty towards God, and his duty towards his neighbour. I have to take such care to be consistent with my profession, and therefore was doubly vexed with myself. But they didn't talk to me about that, but merely expressed astonishment that *I* should actually have missed one question. They still continue to call me "holy."'

Very shortly afterwards he was removed to Uppingham, where he remained two years with the Rev. Walter Earle.

He was not very fond of study then, and did not excel either in classics or mathematics, while at the same time he was greatly interested in general reading. He took a decided lead in the playground, and was much devoted to the carpenter's shop, whence he took home many proofs of his skill.

The same inward life continued here—the same hungering and thirsting for more of the

Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and Friend: the same deep feeling of responsibility towards others which must spring up in every true heart that has 'tasted that the Lord is gracious.'

Writing to the friend before mentioned, he says:—

'*Uppingham, February* 20, 1868.

'Jesus has a battle He wishes me to fight, and it is such a hard one. The boys seem to get worse and worse; so very different to what I expected. I have become the object of ridicule to the whole school; it makes me very much depressed at times, and still more so to think that I do not bear it like a true soldier of Christ. I sit sometimes in my study looking up at the calm blue sky, and do so wish Jesus would come down and take me to be with Him at rest. I do not speak to any of the boys [about religion]; they never come into my study except to laugh at my dear little texts and books.'

'*Uppingham, February* 27, 1868.

'I was so delighted to receive your letter the other day. I wish I was brave; as you said, David's troubles were enough to make him wish

to be at rest; but mine are light compared with his. I have been humbled a little lately, and I feel it has been good for me that it has been so. The boys are beginning to get tired of humbugging; but still I have much to try my faith.'

'*March* 31*st*, 1868.

'I have been confirmed a week now, and have promised to serve my precious Saviour for ever. You will pray that I may keep my vow, won't you?'

'*Uppingham, April 7th*, 1868.

'Jesus has just delivered me from sinning against Him so much: I will tell you about it. To-night will be our last night before the Easter holidays, so I declared my intention of getting some "grub" for that night, so that we might celebrate our departure: I was forgetting quite that it was against rules; and I was so miserable when I found it out, for I could not draw back again; and the thought of grieving Jesus was more than I could bear. But my Psalm for this morning said, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him," and it comforted me so much; and Jesus has delivered me, for I gave out the "grub" in my study this afternoon,

although greatly against the will of the boys, and in spite of other difficulties; but oh, I'm such a weak wretch, I cannot stand bullying, and I have so little faith. Do pray for me.'

'*Feb.* 15*th*, 1869.

'I have been back more than a week now at this delightful school. I have got promoted into a class in which I have to work immensely hard. —— came into my study on the first Sunday afternoon here, and I was so delighted to find he was walking in the right way after all. He seemed so bright and happy. I have got the *British Herald* for this month. I don't think I shall take it in as it isn't published weekly.'

'*Uppingham, Oct.* 11, 1869.

'I had a very nice Sunday yesterday. The Dean of Ely, Mr. Goodwin, gave us such a delightful sermon upon Dan. vi. 4, 5. Little ——— is getting on very nicely; he came and sat with me yesterday. Poor wee lad! his mother is dying of consumption, and cannot live more than a few months. I suppose you know I have found a friend here. . . He and I took my rug yesterday, after chapel, and we laid down upon it under

a chestnut-tree, and read together from four o'clock till it got too dark. The Lord is so good to me, but I do wish that I did more for Him.'

It was at Uppingham that George formed one of the greatest friendships of his life—with the friend above alluded to—who has since been ordained, and is now working in that Church in which it was the ardent desire of George's life to serve his Master. By the kindness of this friend in giving us some extracts from his private diary, kept at this time, we can trace the influence of these two boys upon each other.

'*Uppingham, August* 29, 1869. *Sunday.*—I have had to-day the nicest walk I have had here, with Bishop, and we were both enabled to talk rather freely to each other about our inward lives, although we never walked together before. It was indeed most delightful, and quite a new thing to me.'

'*Sunday, Sept.* 12.—Enjoyed a walk with Bishop much. He is really a Christian, but finds, as I do, that still the devil is very strong in his heart; but we both feel that Christ Jesus is stronger, and is continually gaining strength, while the power of the enemy of all souls is

decreasing, and praise God for it. He is now taking great interest in a little boy named K——. He sits with him, talks to him, prays, reads, &c., and takes him under his care, though not in the same house.'

'*Oct.* 10.—I had a delightful afternoon with Bishop. We lay down on a rug, and read part of Luke, xviii. We talked about it, and both of us understand the parables better than we did. It was so nice to be able to talk over the Bible with some friend of your own age. It is the first time I have experienced it; and very sweet it was, to feel God looking down upon us two from the open heaven, and blessing His word to our souls.'

'*Sunday, Nov.* 7.—Had a nice walk with Bishop. He finds, with me, how hard it is to confess Christ.'

'*Sunday, Dec.* 5.—Had a very nice reading with Bishop after dinner. We read and finished Job, xxviii. I find it very delightful to read and talk over the Bible with such a thorough Christian as I am sure he is. How very good it is of God to give me such a nice friend.'

'*Wednesday, Dec.* 15.—Been some time with Bishop, and we talked a little over T—— [who

showed signs of conversion]. He is very delighted about it. May God bless them both!'

During the Christmas holidays, the following letter was written by George to this friend:—

'*The Mount, Jan.* 10, 1870.

'. . . . You may well want to know about our meetings. A dear man from Scotland—a Mr. Watson—came down, and gave us some addresses—such beautiful ones! I do so wish you could have heard them. I wonder you have not heard about the week of prayer: it is getting pretty general now all over the world. The Evangelical Alliance send out invitations, with subjects for prayer for each night of the week; and it is so delightful to feel that lots of people all over the world are praying for the same thing, as well as being such a beautiful way of beginning the new year. The blessing must come in answer to such prayer. (Mal. iii. 10.) We have had very fair account of dear Mr. G—— [their much-loved clergyman, then travelling for health]. One of the dear Christians at H—— came up timidly to him before he went, and offered him 30*l.*, which he had in the savings' bank, and which he had laid up to

settle down upon; and when Mr. G—— would not hear of it, he offered to throw up his situation (a very good one), and accompany Mr. G—— at his own expense. There is an example of the "beauty of holiness!" How small it makes one feel to think of it.

'Our Penkhull School is flourishing. We had such a nice attendance yesterday. Many of them seem to have found their Saviour, and are bringing forth good fruit. I have only been to the workhouse twice, I have been so very busy.

'I have just got Spenser's *Faëry Qucene*; but I'm sorry to say I have forgotten what the holiday task is. Will you please tell me what it is when you write, and also what the history is?

'Good-bye, old fellow.

'Yours very affectionately,

'GEORGE A. BISHOP.'

On meeting again at Uppingham, the two friends arranged to take a continuous subject for their Bible-reading, and, at George's suggestion, 'the fruits of the Spirit' was chosen, to be taken up by subjects, and studied with other parts of the Bible.

The diary of the same friend thus notices some of their readings and talks together :—

'*Sunday, Feb.* 20, 1870.—Had a nice talk and reading with Bishop after dinner, on the second fruit of the Spirit, viz. joy. We walked in Manton direction after chapel, and talked about different things. I told him I would try and get H—— to read with me this evening. He suggested Eccles. xi. and xii. as suitable.'

'*Sunday, Feb.* 27.—After chapel I went with Bishop through Wardley Wood, and enjoyed the walk and conversation, though I do wish that Bishop would tell me more of the difficulties that beset his onward course to life, and I could then feel that he took an interest in mine. I think that would be so very nice, and it would knit our hearts and minds much nearer together in the Lord. I feel sometimes as if I could hug him with love, being the first Christian boy I have ever freely conversed with; but though I know he likes me, and he knows I like him, I don't think he feels those warm, brotherly emotions towards me which I have towards him, as being my dear Christian brother in the Lord.'

'*Sunday, May* 8, 1870.—Bishop and I used

to read together in the Bible, but we did not make it interesting, and Bishop, I see, does not care about it. I am very sorry we have given it up. I should like to have a little meeting in the week, but I fear Bishop would not care about it. I think it is almost a pity he does not try to like them, because I think they are a great means of grace. He is delighted at meetings where there is some one to make it interesting.'

At the close of that term this friend left Uppingham, and the only further account we possess of George's own time there is in a letter he wrote to him :—

'*Uppingham, Nov.* 20, 1870.

MY DEAR OLD BOY,—

'I am so glad you like Cambridge, but you are in too great a hurry for me : perhaps I may not come up till October year ; but I don't know in the least yet. . . . . Are you in my brother's ragged school at Barnwell, or where is it ?

'Now for some school news. Seven of our house have the measles, and Mr. W. Earle has converted his drawing-room into a dormitory for

them, which is kind, to say the least. H——, B——, C——, R——, and myself got leave from Walter to practise glees on his piano sometimes; and about a fortnight ago he asked us in to a party, made us sing him our glees, and then gave a good supper. Wasn't it kind of the old boy? This measley joke has stopped that for the present, however.

'Last Friday we had a jolly lecture from Boyd and Alington, which I enjoyed amazingly. The collection for them last Sunday amounted to 30*l.* 12*s.*!

'I have got into the 3rd fifteen, notwithstanding that I hate football so much. Chester, and Harrison, and Lucas are all in the 1st fifteen in our house; Bingham in the 2nd; Wright, Reynard, and self in the 3rd. So that we have a chance for the cup.

'Saturday week we are to have a paper-chase. Alas! why are not you here to run with me? . . . .

'When you write to me, old boy, please tell me what hours in the day you devote to the delightful recreation of swatting; and whether you find it easy to work, or are in the habit of pitching your books into the fire, and going

down to row. I want to know, for my own future edification. . . . .

'Ever yours, very affectionately,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

It may be interesting at the close of this chapter to insert extracts from a letter from his master, the Rev. Walter Earle, relating to this period of his life:—

'The memoir, indeed, will be a treasure to me, not only as a memorial of one whom I had learnt to honour as well as love, but as a witness ever present to me of the grave responsibility I have incurred by my knowledge of his holy life and death. He will ever be my teacher. You once intrusted him to me, and I now feel you have intrusted me to him. . . . . All the while he was with me as a boy, I could not help noticing his great desire for spiritual life. He never was afraid to let this be known among his school-fellows, and by it he won their respect in a very remarkable way. His study, with the Scripture texts on the walls, was all in harmony with his life; and I expect that many of my boys who lived with him could bear testimony to a good word

often said to them by him on a Sunday evening, when it was allowed for two boys to sit together in a study.'

Boys, are you as noble as was this boy, or are you only looking out to be on the seemingly winning side? Are you grand enough to be ready to lead a forlorn hope, or—without perhaps actually going over to the enemy's side—are you standing so close to his flaunting banners, and his showy ranks, that no one will think that you belong to that noble little band who, to their foes, look so contemptible and mean, but whose watchword is Truth? How will they be able to rally you to their side—you, who look so like an enemy?

I can answer this partly. In the matters of this world you would, I am sure of it, be in that little band, leading on that forlorn hope—standing patiently, or rushing nobly even to death.

Will you answer the rest of it? Where are you in the kingdom of God?

CHAPTER II.

'There is nothing better than the fear of the Lord, and there is nothing sweeter than to take heed unto the commandment of the Lord, and to be received of Him is long life.'—*The Son of Sirach.*

FROM the time that he first gave himself to God, George's great desire was to become a clergyman. He felt an intense love for the Church of England and her services, and it seemed to him that no other life could so perfectly satisfy his desire to be altogether God's, and that in no other profession could he find so many opportunities for service. Already religion was the business of his life. He looked forward to the time when the business itself of life would be his religion.

This thought was strongly and tenderly cherished, and never for a moment relinquished, though for the next year or two his life God-

ward was often a painful surprise to himself, and full of strange contradictions.

Much of his religious experience at school bred in him an intense dread and horror of 'cant.' His own heart and mind had been truthfully set towards God in the matter; and his failure to lead always a *consistent* Christian life, followed by the consequent knowledge that many looked upon him as merely making an outward profession, fell on him with an appalling weight.

That weight hung long as a cloud upon his otherwise bright and fearless spirit. The natural reticence and reserve of his nature folded themselves more deeply still into each other. He seemed afraid to launch forth on the boundless ocean of God's love, afraid to take a word or thought from others, unless it seemed to him to spring from their inward convictions; afraid also of himself, and too sensitive to open his heart to even his nearest friends.

At the end of 1870 he left Uppingham, and early in 1871 he went to St. Olave's, near Lowestoft, to study with a private tutor, the Rev. A. B. Webb, to whom he became greatly attached,

and whom he always remembered with the warmest affection.

Mr. Webb's kind and genial influence was of the greatest benefit to his pupil, helping him to gain some of that self-confidence so essential to real progress and improvement. He had also opportunities for engaging in Sunday-school work; and when a little later Mr. Webb removed into Lowestoft, he gained some insight into practical parish work, respecting which he was always anxious to obtain information and suggestions, as he bore constantly in mind the future to which he looked so resolutely forward.

His time with Mr. Webb was rendered additionally pleasant to him by the near neighbourhood of friends, at whose house he frequently met the lady to whom the letters already given were written.

He delighted to go over there with any of his companions whom he could persuade to accompany him, and gathering in the gardens in the bright summer evenings, or under the shadow of the old ivied walls when the sun was still hot, they would read together of Him who is 'altogether lovely,' 'who of God is made unto

us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

Extracts from three letters to his old friend give a very bright picture of his life at St. Olave's :—

'*St. Olave's Priory, Feb.* 1871.

'. . . . I daresay you will be glad to hear that I am as happy down here as the day is long. Mr. Webb is such a jolly old boy in every way. I work awfully hard here. I have from twelve to four free, and work all the rest of the day, with no half-holidays; but I don't mind what I do for Mr. Webb, he is so jolly. Out of doors I have every fun imaginable. The river runs close past our house. I have had lots of rows already, and there is splendid bathing in summer. Then Mrs. G.'s eldest brother has a splendid estate down here, and he is so jolly to me, and tells me to come to the Hall whenever I like. The grounds and woods, and the lake three miles long, are just beautiful. Mrs. G. herself has been staying down here with her mother, who is the kindest old lady under the sun, and lives in a snug house on the estate.

'I am seven miles from Yarmouth, and nine from Lowestoft. Mr. Webb drives me to them

sometimes. He has got such a splendid little mare, which gets over the ground at a tremendous pace, and does not know what it is to get tired. The worst of it is that he thinks it too good for me to ride, especially as it is for sale. Wasn't I nearly off at Trentham that day? and you old wretch laughed at me so!

'There are four boys here with me . . . Write and say how you are getting on. With many good wishes, kind regards and expressions of good will, much love, affection, esteem, gratitude, &c.

'I remain yours, as above,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

'*St. Olave's Priory, May* 8, 1871.

'. . . . You seem in a very great hurry for me to come up this next October. Well, I think I am coming, but nothing whatever has been settled, so it is rather early to inquire what rooms I am going to take, and where they are to be. I shall be very glad to come and see your dear old face, but I am intensely jolly where I am. The lake and woods here are looking charming just now, getting their spring colours.

'I was dreadfully shocked to hear of poor

dear old B.'s death. I did like him so much. I heard from ——— the day before telling me the news. I wrote to him again, and asked him where he would be if it had been him. I hope that the Lord may bless it to him.'

'4 *Belle Vue Park, Lowestoft,*
'*Oct.* 3, 1871.

'. . . . You will recollect that your last letter was written to me last July, about the time that my brother was becoming converted to teetotalism, which was in a great measure, I believe, through your agency, and I was sitting down to answer your letter, and to tell you about my brother, and what a good teetotaller I had become, just excepting two glasses of beer per day, when he came and asked me not to write until he had written first.

'Mr. Webb has removed to Lowestoft. Mr. Hay Chapman, the Rector, is such a jolly man, and a dear good Christian. I have a class in one of his Sunday-schools, which I like very much. but for nearly every other reason I wish myself at dear old Herringfleet. However, I am only seven miles away, and have the opportunity of going there occasionally, and seeing

the old place, which I enjoy immensely. I have got an old bicycle too, which I rattle about on with infinite satisfaction. One other great advantage of Lowestoft is the jolly meetings of missionary societies, and so on, which I get the opportunities now of attending; and Mr. Chapman being a man of great tact in the working of a parish, I have the benefit of seeing his management, which may at some future time prove useful to me. Have you been doing any open-air preaching this summer? If so, I hope you have got a blessing from it. Tell me all you have been doing that way when you write next. Mr. Webb has eight boys now altogether, so we are a jolly houseful.'

His pleasant and happy time having thus passed away, he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, in October 1872.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST YEAR OF COLLEGE LIFE.

'He that walketh in darkness, and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon His God.'—*Isa.* L. 10.

'He nourisheth with discipline, and giving him the light of His love, doth not forsake him.'—*The Son of Sirach.*

IT was a disappointment both to George and his Uppingham friend, that so much of the latter's time at Cambridge had already passed, and only a year remained for them to be together in the college life, to which they had so eagerly looked forward at school.

We know but little of George's first two terms there, as it was only in July, 1873, that he commenced his diary, from which most information concerning his occupations and his inner life has been gleaned.

His dislike to mathematics continuing he now

gave up that branch of study entirely, and devoted himself to theology. He began and pursued Hebrew with much eagerness, and writes to a friend enthusiastically, a few months later, of 'having reached that important era in my life, viz.: being able to read a chapter of the Bible in the original;' and then adds, 'I have been grinding moderately hard at Hebrew all this Vac., and the result has been that I have got as far as the end of the first chapter of Genesis, and oh, don't I feel delighted every time I see a mathematical book! every time when I am reminded of old ——, in short, numbers of times all day, that I have ceased to be the slave of Science!'

He took a great interest in reading of all kinds—history, poetry, works of fiction, &c.; tracing in each, beyond their general interest, pictures and touches of the humanity, to which, from all points, he ever seemed strangely akin in sympathy.

Rowing was the sport which afforded him most pleasure, and his devotion to the Lady Margaret Boat Club was well known. On first going up he rowed in the second boat, but later on was promoted to the first, of which he subse-

quently became stroke, and in his second year was elected treasurer of the club. He took it up with all the zest and energy of his nature, little thinking that he was sowing the seeds of his last sad illness. He mentions in his diary feeling a good deal of distress at different times from hard rowing; and later on a strange pain in his chest, which, however, he never actually connected with this; nor did he think his feelings of exhaustion to be anything more than a natural tiredness. In the whole of his connexion with the club he manifested a strong and earnest desire that his influence might be used for good amongst those with whom he was brought in contact; he steadily set his face against the use of bad language and swearing, and as often as an opportunity occurred he added direct personal influence.

Music was, perhaps, the chief amongst other pleasures. This also he greatly trusted he might not use selfishly, but find opportunities as time went on, to employ it in the service of others. In October term, 1873, he discarded his old harmonium, and bought another, which afforded him great delight, and left him at the time of its purchase 'very poor, and very delighted!' He

mentions several times the exquisite pleasure he derived from Anthems in different colleges, and also his great disappointment on missing any special favourite.

He took an active part in work for God, and at once began teaching in the Ragged School at Barnwell, a school where the 'riff-raff' of the town met, and which gave him both interest and bitter disappointment. He grieved intensely over his unsuccessful efforts with his large class of boys, seeming often to fasten their faults on himself, and to suspect that all failure was entirely his own fault. Though more than once tempted to give it up, he never did so, but continued it throughout all his stay in Cambridge. He also visited occasionally in Barnwell, when a little free from the pressure of other engagements. He took part with others in services which were held every Sunday evening at the Victoria Asylum, a charity in the neighbourhood; and as his time went on, and other paths of usefulness and service opened, he gladly embraced them. He also became collector for the Church Missionary Society, and was as keen as ever in expectation of the life that lay for him in the future; but though thus busy and useful

for others, his own inner life was deeply painful to himself, and he seemed to be passing through a time of gloom and darkness, for which he could not account, but which he grieves over in his diary, hungering and thirsting for that which he knew could alone satisfy him—the 'life more abundant' in Christ Jesus.

We cannot enter into the mysteries by which God teaches His children; we cannot find out the necessities of each other's different lessons—hardly even can we guess at the inner workings of the heart nearest our own. Let us, then, if as by a seeming accident the secrets of another are opened to us, look on them with reverence and awe—questioning not so much what was the needs-be, or what was the cause with him, but rather, judging ourselves, and seeing if we are as real, as honest in our dealings with ourselves; if we are as little satisfied as he was, with less than the presence of the King Himself, with less than the realisation of those promises which are said to be ours, 'yea and Amen in Christ Jesus.'

Whatever this battle was, he fought it through, and came out at the last a conqueror through Christ, shining even more brightly for the darkness that had lain upon him, like the

sea-bird that flying under stormy skies, and over rough, tempestuous seas, catches the angry spray on its wings, and shows the more brightly to us the glints of sunlight which shimmer in the darkness, till it reaches its nest high in the rock, and rests in peace.

And so the truth comes fresher and closer to every storm-tossed soul. 'He that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the *Lord*, and stay upon his God.'

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

'*July* 2, 1873.—Commencement of diary.

'Returned to Cambridge. Past vacation, after leaving Lowestoft, not happy. Have ceased to find happiness and peace in my religion, though confident that happiness is not elsewhere to be found. Text uppermost in my mind for past few weeks, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Will not, however, give up the fight. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "We are saved by hope."

'*July* 3.—Mind at present easier. Engaged

to coach with Sinker, of Trinity. Commenced Hebrew with some spirit.

'*July* 4.—Worked fairly. C—— called; talk turned upon "consecration." My present views on the subject very undefinable, and my faith in its attainment for myself very slight. Appointed to read lessons in chapel.

'*July* 6.—Had a large class of boys morning and evening: their behaviour was such as to give me no chance of speaking a serious word. I feel that only half my heart is engaged in any work I do for Christ. Heard Cory preach.

'*July* 7.—Had my first music lesson from Dewberry, on Clare organ. I wish to be thankful for the pleasure music affords me, and that I may be able to make my playing really useful in life to others. Took out a funny for first time, and didn't upset. Hebrew progresses.

'*July* 8.—Went to Shelford with Steel's school, which had a most enjoyable treat. Returned to college at 11.15 p.m. without a gown.

'*July* 9.—Pacified the dean for yesterday's offences, by an early call and confession. Saw ——, and marvelled again at his depth of spirituality. I desire it also for myself all the more,

to have "the mind which was in Christ Jesus;" but this seems a hopeless wish; and though the desire to be otherwise than I am is not less earnest, it has ceased for the last few days to depress my spirits. My window plants afford me much pleasure, and are doing well and growing fast.

'*July* 10.—Oh! why have my passions such power over me? My reading to-day was not satisfactory, owing to corrupt thoughts which filled my mind. Took out a pair oar in the afternoon with B—— Stayed with S—— arranging pictures; his leg still bad.

'*July* 11.—Began to be a little discouraged in my Hebrew study this morning, but worked at it better in the evening. I am only too thankful for the change from mathematics, though the Hebrew grammar is at first great drudgery. R—— promised to come to tea on Sunday evening; perhaps I shall get some help from him in the still greater drudgery of my present spiritual life.

'*July* 12.—Good article in *Times* on coal. Another week has passed, and I have done nothing for Christ; and, worst of all, I have not the least desire to work for Him; my soul seems

to loathe it. Sad state. Was ever a Christian's experience like mine? Oh, Jesus, pity me; preserve not my life, if it is to be thus useless. Intend to go early communion to-morrow.

'*July* 13. *Sunday.*—Went to early communion, but enjoyed it little. Being a wet day, I had much time for meditation, which, however, nearly always makes me unhappier than before. Such a depraved Christian I seem to be; I sink in deep mire, and everything I do, and whatever I touch is defiled. Look at Christ, and not at self, you will say; but this I've heard before and always failed to do. Oh, Jesus, pity me. Had such a nice walk with R—— this evening. He said what number of Christians were unhappy in spite of their Christianity, but their unhappiness seems to stimulate them to greater energy and zeal for God; while me it makes the useless cumberer of the earth I am. Oh, Jesus, what can I do? To Thee I have consecrated all I am and all I have. My will, my affections, my all, I give to Thee, though the offering be a miserable one, it is all I have. Oh, give me Thy peace.

'*July* 15.—Attended the choral service at King's, and sat behind the choir; but came to

the conclusion that the nave was the best place, by far, to hear the singing. Pouring wet day; did but little work. I am not sure whether I will continue to write down the state of my mind on religion so often. I find myself happier (perhaps I had better say less unhappy), when I think nothing at all about religious matters.

'*July* 16.—Killed a fine hawk this afternoon, and felt very sorry for it afterwards. Looked in upon S——, and found his leg much better.

'*July* 17.—Went out a walk with ——, a gentleman, a dissenter, and a liberal, for whom I have an increasing regard. What I like in him is the sound common sense of an unprejudiced mind, and the sincerity and independence of his somewhat extraordinary opinions. Forgot to go to the prayer-meeting to-day, and feel none the worse for it. Probably, had I gone, I should have come away feeling very wretched, because I have long ago ceased to care for these meetings, which is the effect invariably produced upon me by religious meetings.

'*July* 18.—Had a jolly letter from J——, expressing great sympathy and concern for my spiritual state. Visited at Barnwell this afternoon.

Oh, the mystery of moral evil exhibited there! What in the world can really check it? Came back unhappy, and didn't enjoy my organ practice afterwards, on getting home. Reading Smiles' *Life of the Stephensons*, with great pleasure.

'*July* 19.—End of week. During it I have read satisfactorily to myself, and really think more and more that it was a right thing to give up mathematics. Don't feel a bit inclined to talk religious, though I went to the prayer-meeting to-day.

'*July* 20.—Had a quiet morning with my boys, because of the coming school treat. But, oh! I do no good to them; I can't win their affections, and how can they love such an one as I. —— came in this evening. Even he was unhappy to-night because, he said, he had lost for a time the sense of the presence of Christ. I feel as if I had lost it for ever. He lives close, very close to God; but I may be said hardly to live at all. Been reading J——'s present to-day—*Record of a Happy Life.* It's very beautiful, but very hard for me to read. Time was when I thought *my* life would be a happy one, and it promised fair to be so; but now I feel as if the

real happiness I covet was not in store for me. I have become sick; yes, desperately sick, (I am ashamed while I write it,) even of my very religion; and since happiness is to be found nowhere else, what hope is there for me? Thou, O God, how long?

'*July* 21.—Hottest day of the year. Enjoyed my music lesson in the cool Clare chapel, and am getting on famously with the pedals. Been reading some of the exquisite poetry in *Lalla Rookh* to-night. It makes me feel sad, but yet it gives me such pleasure while I read it; somewhat like that I used to have in days when I could commune with Jesus. Oh, Jesus, be Thou my poetry; let me read Thy beauties, and delight in them, till I be satisfied with no other book than Thine.

'*July* 23.—Heat still very oppressive; done very little work to-day. Read this morning a very significant and useful extract from Bacon's *Essays on Discourses.* Thought a good deal about the extraordinary opinion, as it seems to me, that a rider can't stop his horse from falling by tightening the reins. Don't believe it practically, but can't disprove it theoretically.

'*July* 24.—Day much cooler; did a good

deal of reading this morning. Went to our Sunday School treat this afternoon, but didn't very much enjoy it, since I cannot help being discouraged by the utterly ungenerous spirit of my boys. When most I try to be kind to them, I most stir up their dislike. Still the treat was successful, and the children for the most part well pleased.

'*July* 25.—Have passed such an unhappy day. If I could but forget all about yesterday's treat. My failure to do the least good amongst those strange children only makes me feel that nothing whatever that I do is useful to man, or pleasing to God; and when such depressing thoughts come over me, I seem to loathe my very life, and can think of little else than the text, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Had a nice bathe with R——, with an organ practice afterwards, and managed to forget my troubles pretty well. Alas! my religion has ceased to avail me at times like these, and my comfort won't last long.

'*July* 31.—Read a funny letter in the *Record* this morning, suggesting a "day of humiliation and prayer" for the Church, since not three of her present bishops would thoroughly

endorse the opinions of our Reformers. I question the benefit of such a reflection to the Evangelical cause. Was interested this afternoon in Smiles' *History of the Steam Engine*, and being suddenly fired in mind with a desire to make some mechanical invention, set about devising a plan to make my water-can empty itself over me in my morning bath. I wish my mind were a wee bit more steady and stable, and not so ready to be entirely carried away with every book that comes under its notice. Been reading the *Sarum Missal* this evening.

'*Aug.* 1.—Took a cottage lecture at the Victoria Asylum this evening, which I enjoyed very much, and hope had God's blessing on it. Thought I would find out to-night what truth there was in H——'s statement about the different words for "wine," in the Bible. Poor dear old teetotalers, they are very like evangelicals—have the soundest of principles; but would that they would allow the excellence of their cause to defend their cause, instead of resorting to shifts and passing wholesale censure on all who do not join them.

'*Aug.* 2.—Had a nice walk with C—— this

afternoon. Been reading Dr. Magee's sermon, *Demonstration of the Spirit*, and hope I shall never join in speaking ill of a man who has preached the gospel so faithfully. Prepared my subject for the children's address to-morrow.

'*Aug.* 4.—Joined with B—— and some others in forming a croquet set, and played first game to-day. Had a music lesson at Clare, and was reported to be making progress. Thought a good deal to-day about poor S——, and wish so much I could do something for him.

'*Aug.* 7.—Got up all right this morning for once. Was bitterly disappointed by arriving at King's just too late to hear, "Thou wilt keep him." Amused myself by potting about in the library to find, if possible, from old books of Cambridge History some information about the funny arch in the third court opposite my back window. Finished *Life of Watt* this evening.

'*Aug.* 9.—Good morning's reading. Croquet in afternoon with B——. Been very despairing to-night, failing to prepare properly for a service to-morrow evening. Fear I shall never be a happy preacher. Can find no thoughts in my head, and have not got the gift of the gab.'

'*Aug.* 11.—Got up at six this morning, and read in the usual way till 2 p.m., with half an hour's interval, which I always allow myself, to read *Times* at the Union. Am glad to find it so strongly opposed to those sorry gentlemen who fain would Romanize our Church. Had three most exciting games of croquet with N——, in two of which I was beaten, unhappily; but a most beautiful anthem at King's, with my customary music lesson afterwards at Clare, proved quite sufficient consolation, and restored my equanimity. Read Smiles' *Life of Smeaton* this evening, and a little of the *Sarum Breviary*. Forgot to record on Saturday the fracture of my long-loved walking-stick.

'*Aug.* 15.—Sinker, my coach, threw a new light on Luke, iv. 26, 27. Went out in a leaky funny, and had to get out at the bridge and walk up. Gave N—— a rare thrashing to-day at croquet. After work this evening went and gossipped with B—— for an hour, and brought away *David Copperfield*, which I want to read as soon as I can find time.

'*Aug.* 16.—Had a good pull to-day at Hebrew verbs. Went a jolly walk with —— to Cherry Hinton church, a very old and interest-

ing building, chancel good Early English, nave and tower Perpendicular. Had some nice talk by the way, and some nice tea afterwards, with him. Each time I leave him I feel what a wonderfully good man he is. Heard blind boy T—— play on Christ Church organ.

'*Aug.* 18.—Organ lesson in afternoon; was told I was improving. Went to M—— this evening, who gave a grand tea to fifteen or twenty of us undergrads, and afterwards a little talky—most interesting and able, upon mission work in Cashmere, where he is himself going; concluding by an exhortation to those "who do not feel a call to stay at home" to become missionaries. He is up here to say good-bye, before going to India in October, and was founder of Choir School when an undergraduate.'

It may be well at this point to introduce a letter from George to his old Uppingham friend, in which, besides other matters, he mentions the above gathering.

'*St. John's College, Aug.* 25, 1873.

'MY DEAR OLD ——,

'Talk about being delighted to see a fellow's handwriting! I got your charming epistle just before going to a supper which M—— (of King's) gave before starting for India, where, as perhaps you know, he is going to fill a most important and useful place as medical missionary—doctor of souls and doctor of bodies. After having filled our stomachs, he proceeded to fill our minds, or the places where our minds ought to be, with a very interesting account of the kind of work that was going on in India, and what he himself was undertaking to do when he got out there, with affectionate invitations and exhortations to as many as might be so minded to become missionaries also. Altogether it was a most charming affair, such as would have made the old boy's heart rejoice if he had been there, especially since only such harmless liquors as tea and coffee were provided. M——, W——, S——, R——, were all there, in fact every one whom you can think of, several of whom were most interested to hear of

the responsible position filled by the great H——.

'You are a very nice old boy to talk so about the prayer-meetings, and indeed you don't know how I appreciate your old "honest heart;" but inasmuch as I find it impossible to talk seriously about such things, I must be excused if I sometimes turn them into fun. I have been to about half the meetings, which M—— was quite right in saying were poorly attended, and the other half I have forgotten to go to. I'm afraid my inclination still continues to be much the same; and, indeed, if ever you are so unfortunate as to grow tired of religion (which, I devoutly hope, is an experience that you will never arrive at), you will find it no easy matter to get straight again. I have almost ceased to think about it and be miserable over it, which I really believe is the wiser plan. I have taken occasional cottage and Sunday evening lectures, such as came in my way; and that excellent combination of all that is good,—(save only his propensity in summer for that alcoholic and most dangerous liquor, "claret") is benevolent enough to come and spend Sunday evenings with me; and it is impossible to be naughty

while with him. And so, you see, old boy, on the whole I am rubbing along pretty comfortably, and keep a look-out ahead for such brighter times as may be in store, and of which you are charitable enough to speak so confidently. . . . . Now I must shut up, old fellow, notwithstanding that I have still somewhat to say unto you, because I promised to go and bathe with W—— at 4.30, and it is now 4.29.

'Much love from yours affectionately,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

'*Aug.* 20.—Enjoyed a game of croquet in the rain with B——. Chose the abridged copy of Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* at Deighton's to-day for my May exam. prize. R—— came to Clare, and played on the organ a bit. Been reading *Lorna Doone* to-day—a quaintly written and attractive romance. Mean to read some more in bed to-night.

'*Aug.* 21.—Played even games of croquet with N——, and went to bathe with him afterwards. Found water very cold. Am very intent on *Lorna Doone* to-day. I rather despise it for being a novel; but as it is both clever and interesting, I must finish reading it. *Times* is

getting very dull now. I suppose, as it is holiday time, nothing interesting happens.

'*Aug.* 22.—Finished a game of croquet with H—— to-day: two balls apiece in three turns. L. M. scratch fours this afternoon. Such a rare joke! I was rather out of it, though my boat rowed in two races, the second of which was a splendid one; but we were beaten, however, by one yard. In first race we were all but upset. Had a delicious shower-bath in the club-room afterwards, in praise of which I could not speak too highly. Been so carried away by *Lorna Doone* this evening, as completely to forget my own identity till 10.45 from 8.30, which time passed like a shadow.'

'*Aug.* 23.—Began the Hebrew Bible to-day, and was able, to my surprise, to get along famously. Had the great pleasure of beating N—— at croquet this afternoon, which makes me one game ahead of him. Organ practice at Emmanuel, and was disappointed afterwards by not hearing "Behold, I show you a mystery," at King's. Actually determined to read *Lorna Doone* on my Saturday evening (alas! for a degenerate mind); but who should pop in just before I left off reading but ——, whose heart

overflowing to me, as he lay on the sofa, of love to the Lord and earnestness in his service, soon settled the "novel" question. So instead, I was left to marvel at him for being so good; to think how unworthy I was, by reason of my coldness to hear him speak to me even; and then to long, and long——.

'*Aug.* 24.—Had a quiet school this morning, at which I acted policeman for B——. Went with R—— to Victoria Asylum, where he gave such a nice address on "peace." The Lord knows, I have but little of it, true or false; but I'm becoming so accustomed to it, that I don't mind it so very much. Blind little T—— was in chapel to-night with his mother and engine-driver father. Heard M—— at Steele's Church afterwards, and came out in a terrific thunder-storm and deluge of rain. The lightning was beautiful, the storm being in two places; and flash answered flash from opposite sides of our chapel tower, making it alternately light and dark. . . . . "So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

'*Aug.* 27.—Had a very satisfactory organ practice, during which the pedals seemed to go down in a way which was most refreshing after

sundry times of despairing at slow improvement and other deficiencies in my musical abilities. —— came in to-night, and found me reading *David Copperfield*, and was good enough not to be angry. He left me, as usual, with a respect greater, if possible, than ever for his goodness, and more and more satisfied that G. A. B. cannot be religious—*really* religious; and yet far from satisfied.

'*Aug.* 28.—Took the prayer-meeting to-day, and was stupidly frightened, although only four men were there. Was pleasantly interrupted from *David Copperfield* by R——, who looked in on his return from C——'s wedding to say what a jolly day he had enjoyed; also that F—— comes here to-morrow. So does C——. Two visitors for me.

'*Aug.* 31.—Had a useful and happy Sunday. Took the address at the school this morning, and a lecture at Victoria Asylum, where thirty-five people crammed the wee room, the service being the last for a while. Dear old C—— enjoyed the day too, and we went to church and chapel together, and had some prayer and Bible-reading before going to bed. B—— came to

tea with us, and we sang hymns and talked till 11.30.'

OCTOBER TERM, 1873.

'*Oct.* 10.—Came up from London.

'*Oct.* 11.—Read some Hebrew this morning, but been very lazy to-day. Called on some freshmen by way of doing patron. Been reading *David Copperfield;* but prefer Walter Scott to Charles Dickens. J—— censures me for liking *Old Mortality;* but his ear for music does not imply a taste for literature, and *O. M.* will live to be read by hundreds long after the present sensational books on religion are dead and forgotten. I love the one; and if I do not despise the other, yet my soul hath no pleasure in them.

'*Oct.* 12, *Sunday.*—Took two freshmen to school this morning, and then to the prayer-meeting. Heard Lucock at the 'Varsity Church, and B——'s friend, Conder, an Independent minister, at a chapel this evening. Met him afterwards at B——'s rooms.

'*Oct.* 13.—Having not yet begun to read

with my coach, I still continue to be lazy. H—— came up to-day, and I chatted with him a long time this evening. After work, *David Copperfield* again. I can't put that book down when once I take it up, though I can only give it a qualified admiration. I make a determination to read no more novels, if possible, this term.

'*Oct.* 14.—Finished *D. C.* to-night, to my great relief. Charles Dickens was a wonderfnl man, but my feelings on reading his books are not all of pleasure, and I prefer the novels of Walter Scott. My harmonium has been sent away to-day, a new one coming in its place, which has made me very idle this evening. Conscience would not let me play *all* the evening, work I could not; so went and gossipped with S—— and H——,—a lazy drone corrupting the bees. Went down in an eight again. Pouring rain—got soaking wet—boat leaky—refreshing shower-bath—finale!

'*Oct.* 16.—Worked better to-day, and taken to Shakespeare again in place of novels. H—— and R—— came to tea with me to-night, and made my old room feel very pleasant. . . . . "God be merciful to me a sinner."

'*Oct.* 19.—Took the address at school this morning, and a very sore throat was the result. Also the lecture at the Victoria Asylum. Was much displeased with myself afterwards for not having spent more time in preparing my subject, and making the people suffer in consequence. Bible-reading of old Uppingham boys, held on Sunday evenings at 8.15 in B——'s rooms, was attended to-night by three men only, though twenty old Uppingham boys have come up this term. H—— had tea with me, and a discussion afterwards, in which we supported our opposite estimates of the character of Ananias.

'*Oct.* 22.—Promised to become a collector for the Church Missionary Society. Went to the Society's meeting to-night, and heard an interesting lecture of J. Mayor on the Old Catholic Congress at Constance.

'*Oct.* 23.—Experienced a little of the enjoyments of college life to-day. Breakfasted with G——, had tea with H——, meeting nice men each time. Rowed stroke to-day in an eight. Commenced collecting for the C. M. S. to-day, and got 4*s.* from my first freshman. The work done by Christians this term seems to be very great. Numbers of men, hitherto regarded as

nondescript, seem to be attending regularly at the prayer-meeting, together with numbers of freshmen unusually large.

'*Oct.* 24.—Was very successful in collecting this morning, every one treating me very civilly, and nearly all contributing handsomely. Rowed stroke again to-day. Done nothing particular besides. Am reading *Hamlet* again—going slowly through it, and looking at notes. The more I stop to think of a line, the more meaning comes out of it. One of the bits I like best is Polonius' advice to his son.

'*Oct.* 25.—I have sat up late to-night reading Shakespeare, it being already past twelve. My text for discussion (John, iii. 13) came on to-night at our divinity meeting. Am very sore and blistered with rowing, and feel very glad to look forward to a Sunday's rest.

'*Oct.* 26, *Sunday.*—Heard sermon from Lightfoot in the 'Varsity Church, and from Snape, of St. Mary's, Southwark, at Trinity Church. Attended prayer-meeting at the Sunday-school this afternoon. Agreed with M—— to take a series of subjects in one course on Sunday afternoons at the Victoria Asylum. B—— and H—— came to tea. Three new

Uppingham men came to our Bible-reading in B——'s rooms.

'*Oct.* 28.—Tubbed some freshmen to-day, without feeling so cool as I could wish under such, to me, trying circumstances. I flatter myself my rowing still improves, and my ambition shall be a place in the first boat.

'*Oct.* 29.—Been to-night to the Church Society's meeting, and heard a paper from Mr. Stokes, curate of Kidderminster, on "The Relation of the Church to the Social and Political Problems of the Day." Was much pleased with the practical remarks and good sense of the paper; also with the way in which Stokes answered the speakers in his summing-up. Reading *As you Like it.*

'*Nov.* 1.—All to-night I have been trying to prepare my subject for the address to-morrow at the Asylum, and have been strangely unfortunate. My subject seems like an obstinate mountain, my mind like a little wave at its foot, wearying itself in vain trying to overcome it. I cannot discover in myself a trace of anything original; my education has furnished me, in some measure, with the thoughts of other people, but has failed to enable me to think my own, and a

man who is worth his salt must think for himself. What I shall do when a clergyman, I can't at present see; but wait as I have waited long for the gift to come. Meanwhile I am tempted to exclaim, "Behold, I am a dry tree!"

'*Nov.* 2.—Been a dreadfully wet Sunday. Dr. Butler, Head Master of Harrow, preached in the 'Varsity Church. I am very unhappy to-night. My address this afternoon at the Asylum was an utter failure, thirsty souls went away unrefreshed, and yet over my subject (the Creation) I could not have taken more pains. I fear I never shall be of the least use in the world, and feel tempted to request for myself, like Elijah, that I may die. E—— came to tea with me after the Bible-reading at B——'s, at which a great number of men were present.

'*Nov.* 3.—Been still very unhappy from the recollection of yesterday; but rowing this afternoon recalled, in a great measure, my spirits. Been reading Church history all evening, and no Shakespeare.

'*Nov.* 6.—Had such a jolly day with F——; got through a fair amount of work this morning, but was interrupted by a mission man coming to see F——, and keeping me employed

most of the morning and afternoon in entertaining. F—— took the terminal meeting of the Prayer-meeting very nicely to-night; after which we had a very jolly evening together, until a man came in who stayed till eleven, and cut off my talk with F—— for the evening; however, he was a jolly fellow, and the moral is, I suppose,—Don't be selfish. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Having a brother up is capital fun, but not very helpful at reading. I must just say how pleased I was at getting F—— to appreciate some bits of Shakespeare this evening!

'*Nov.* 10.—Forgot to write yesterday, though I had an interesting Bible reading in B——'s rooms last night, which I ought to have given an account of. Been indoors all day with a bad cold, but am better to-night, and shall try and row to-morrow if possible, as H——, my captain, wants me to stroke a trial-eight. Much disappointed in *Antony and Cleopatra.*

'*Nov.* 11.—Cold much better to-day; stroked a trial-eight very badly, but boat went well. S—— came to tune some notes in my harmonium, which were out, and very much interested me in the way he did it. To make a note

sharper he scraped with a knife the end of the tongue of brass whose vibrations make the sound, and made it right at once; to bring a note down, the brass tongue must be scraped at its root. Sent away 31*s.* to-day, which I had collected this term for the C. M. S.

'*Nov.* 14.—My pictures arrived to-day and make my room look very much more respectable than before. Five pictures I bought—one a beautiful engraving of Landseer's "Sleeping Bloodhound," in handsome frame. Went to my coach to-night; my Hebrew certainly progresses, but I am very slow; am just beginning the study of Liturgy, and am very much delighted with the history of the Prayer-book.

'*Nov.* 15.—Did an hour and a half's work this morning, and then went down to the river to row in the Uppingham scratch-fours, in which I had the pleasure of stroking the winning boat; we had two buckets and two time races, so that after the final was over I felt fit for very little; all the same I had to row this afternoon, and over a longer course than usual. There were seven boats this morning, which must be accounted for from the unusual number of freshmen who came up this year from Uppingham. Lunched

with H——, who not only gave me only water to drink, but declared he would give me no wine even if he had got it to offer me: such are his teetotal principles.

'*Nov.* 17.—What has happened to-day has all been put out of my head by Stevenson Blackwood's address to-night. The small room in the Guildhall was filled full, and numbers of men were there who, being quite indifferent to religion, had yet been prevailed upon to go. —— came with me; if any good was done him, at least it is not apparent.

'*Nov.* 22.—For four successive nights have I forgotten to write, and for this strange omission a precedent may in vain be sought for in the annals of my diary. I can't think why I have forgotten, unless it be that I have been reading *Lalla Rookh* again this week. I have been rowing daily in view of the race between the two trial-eights which is to come off next Friday.

'*Nov.* 25.—Went to F—— this afternoon to see the athletics; saw also a game of football, Rugby Union, on Parker's Piece. B—— and S—— wined with me after hall, the former being now in the full torture of his tripos. I took my

Church History, and read for a couple of hours after tea in his rooms, but do not much care for that kind of reading. Been much interested to-day in reading history of reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and comparing accounts in Procter.

'*Nov.* 26.—Had a letter from —— this morning telling me that he had found peace in Christ, and was full of happiness. After having known him for two years or more, during which time he alternately tried to believe in God's work, despaired of his soul's salvation, and scoffed at things that were religious, I cannot be too thankful to God for having pardoned and answered my prayers, though for a long time they had to wait. —— had a great influence upon me during my happy but brief stay at Lowestoft, as I think I also had upon him, and I here record in my diary my deep and fervent gratitude to God, and pray that He will make —— such a useful and earnest soldier of the cross as I would fain be myself, but which, alas! I cannot. Had an interesting talk with —— this morning about Blackwood's address; he declared his full intention of hearing him again if he should come up another time. H—— came to tea this

evening, and rejoiced with me over ——'s letter; in walked C—— in the middle of our talk, and stayed with me till nearly eleven; we played the harmonium and talked all the time. Rowed over the course to-day—think the chances of our winning to be very fair. Race is fixed for Friday morning.

'*Nov.* 27.—Been to hear Barnardo speak to-night; admired his eloquent speaking, and was delighted with the account of his work in London, which fully merits to be spoken of even more highly than it is. Helped to sell his wee books after the meeting. The money collected at the doors, with that from the sale of books, was more than 11*l.*

'*Nov.* 27.—Met Barnardo at breakfast this morning, with seventeen other men, and never in my life have I enjoyed a breakfast more. During it he entertained us with tales about his boys, and after it, taking out his Bible, he spoke to us on Exod. xxviii. 33, 34, so eloquently and so beautifully that I was quite carried away from myself. He went away at 9.30, and I have since again recollected I am Bishop. Did an hour's work, and then had to go down to the river, where I had the great satisfaction of being in

the winning boat. At the end of the course I was frightfully done up, and have not been up to much this afternoon. A 10*s.* pot is to be the reward of my labours.

'*Dec.* 1.—Had my rooms filled with men last night; after tea, at which I officiated unhappily, we sang a lot of hymns, and then had a jolly Bible reading round the fire, nine of us altogether. 1st of December! End of term comes near; rowing I've done with for 1873, and would that I had made as much progress in other things of far greater importance, as I have made in this amusement. I look back with pleasure on my success in trial-eights, and Uppingham scratch-fours, and my prospects for next year are fair and good. Would that it might be so with me in every thing!

'*Dec.* 2.—Had a very pleasant walk with old S—— to Horringsea, where I found a good church containing an unlocked harmonium; in consequence of this we had to post back to Cambridge quick march to get in time for hall. Heard an address from an able old missionary, Mr. Sargent, to-night at the C. M. U.

'*Dec.* 4.—Went to a big tea at B——'s last

night, had some hymns, and a Bible-reading after.

'*Dec.* 6.—Visited in Barnwell to-day, prayed with one poor woman, who has a drunken husband, but find it difficult to talk to them individually. Appointed Secretary of our Divinity meeting this evening; dear old R—— is president. Been preparing my address for a service at Madingley to-morrow evening, and also playing some hymns over to teach some of our little girls at school to-morrow, "While you're young," &c. Old S—— is reading lessons splendidly in chapel this week.'

'*Dec.* 7.—Heard a good, though not clever, sermon from Bishop of Hereford to-day on the Bible. G—— came to Madingley with me to-night, where we had a pleasant service, the room being very full, and people very attentive. H—— came to tea for last Sunday evening—how much I regret his going down.

'*Dec.* 8.—Been out in a funny all afternoon with ——. We came in too late for hall, and had dinner in my rooms. —— is a man who might rank with the highest, and it seems to be a good prospect for the future moral tone of the

L. M. B. C., that he holds a place of influence in it. He has promised to help me with the Victoria Asylum services next term.

'*Dec.* 13.—Had a fairly good school this morning, several girls stayed behind to learn the hymn. Took the last service for a while at the V. Asylum this afternoon, and spent a most pleasant evening with B——, S——, and H—— in my room.'

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND YEAR OF COLLEGE LIFE.

'And what if much be yet unknown?
Thy Lord shall teach thee that.'

'Then shall we know if we follow on to know.'—*Hos.* vi. 5.

IT was in the Lent term of 1874 that George first began to find rowing a strain upon him. He took to it again with his accustomed vigour and enjoyment, but in his diary makes frequent allusions to the way in which it was taxing his strength, though without in the least realising to what it was leading him. The following May he was troubled with considerable pain in the chest; and he once questions if it could possibly proceed from rowing, but seems to have discarded the notion, and later on to have forgotten it altogether, though the pain returned at intervals. He was elected treasurer to the Lady

Margaret Boat Club early this year, and entered on his work with zest. He was full of plans for the improvement of the club in every way, and interested himself in the endeavour to get land for a new boat-house; and, above all, he was earnest for the moral welfare of the men. The Sunday morning boating breakfasts and the suppers after the races were a matter of anxiety to him. He attended the former, leaving, howver, immediately after breakfast, and going to his customary Sunday work. He cherished a hope at first that the presence of Christian men at the suppers might bring good—check swearing, and possibly lead to an earlier breaking up and less drinking. He went to their first supper, himself and a friend leaving early; but subsequently he became convinced that it was impossible for men calling themselves by the name of Christ, and working in His cause, to enter into compact for amusement with those who knowingly admitted sin in their midst. He felt that we must not enter into evil in order to lessen it, but stand aloof from it in earnest entreaty to others to choose the 'better part.' It seemed to him hardly a question whether it was better to go or better to stay, but simply, al-

most an impossibility for a son of the great Father of love and holiness to be where that Father's name was blasphemed, and amidst scenes where His image was continually more defaced from the humanity He lived for and died to save.

There was a peculiar drawing in George's heart towards those men with whom he was brought so closely in contact, and with whom he had so many tastes, and interests, and pleasures in common; a continual sighing for them to know of the greatness of the majesty of the Love of God. With him all that is good, and noble, and true in man pointed Godward; he took it as a proof of the Divine mark set upon man, not lost even through these ages of sin, but telling *what might be.* What grand and noble men they would make if they would but once turn aside from their pathways of indifference, or of sin, or of 'pleasures,' which 'choke the Word,' and study HIM 'Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich.'

He continued to take an active part in Sunday-school work, and in services at the

Victoria Asylum, occasionally diversified with a tea and evening of amusement there. He commenced a new library there for the old people, aided by Mr. S—— and Mr. G——, and was much gratified by the way in which their proposal was responded to by the people themselves, and by their own contributions towards it, which amounted in three weeks to 13*s.* 2½*d.* He was greatly rejoiced at the prospect of addresses to be delivered in February and in the November following by Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, and for some time previous to each he held small meetings in his rooms, between hall and chapel, to ask for blessing upon them, and on those who should hear. He lost no opportunity of mentioning his own interest in the matter, or of persuading others to attend.

His inward life, as far as we can judge, became now far less introspective than it had been, and, consequently, happier, though at times the feeling of a very tangible 'something wanting still' forced itself upon him. Early in 1875 he went to hear Mr. Moody preach, whose eloquent simplicity and intense sincerity seem to have brought 'the good tidings of great joy' with fresh life to him, and taken him back in heart to

the days when he first received Christ as a 'little child.' He had not much cared at first to go and hear Mr. Moody, but he often thanked God afterwards for leading him there.

His heart fell into all his religious work much more eagerly than it had done previously, and though disheartened at times, and still full of reserve, he walked on in that way which, through much inward tribulation and outward darkness, should lead him—as it indeed did—through the shining path which 'shineth more and more' even to the 'perfect day,' and to that land to which he so eagerly took his flight, and where both in an earthly and in a spiritual sense, 'summer and winter, day and night,' will have passed away for ever.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

'1874. *Feb.* 4.—Came up again on Saturday (Jan. 31), but forgot my old diary till to-night. Vacation has been very pleasantly spent in London, Nottingham, and Shelton Hall. It did not find me doing much reading; but I'm now settling down again to work very contentedly, and with unabated interest in my

theological studies, flavoured with an increased satisfaction at the rejection of mathematics. Resumed boating this week, and have been stroking the preparation for the second boat. My name is up to-day on the notice-board as proposed for treasurer to the L. M. B. C. Reading Milman's Essays. Been much delighted with the *Spectator* during the vac., and, to my satisfaction, succeeded in making it popular with more than one member of the family.

'*Feb.* 6.—Very foggy and frosty. Was elected treasurer to the L. M. B. C. to-day, and hereby declare I will endeavour to promote, in all the ways I can, the welfare of the club, and to use what influence I have in reforming certain grave abuses which have crept into it, to its own great detriment. I also hope that with individual members of the club my moral influence may ever be exerted for the best.

'*Feb.* 7.—My rowing of late has not been improving. To-day I was sent from my place at stroke to row six; from which the moral is, that I take more trouble in future. We held the first of our divinity meetings to-night. I fear I proved but a very indifferent secretary.

Read well to-day. Arranged for a little gathering of men in my rooms to-morrow.

'*Feb. 9th, Monday.*—I'm afraid my poor diary was forgotten last night. I had a lot of men in my rooms to tea; afterwards we sang some hymns, and then had a jolly Bible-reading. —— stayed behind a bit, and we chatted till 11.30 about doing good in the L M. B. C. Here are three Christian fellows, including old ——, and surely we ought to use what influence we have. The amount of bad language and swearing to be heard amongst the members is, I'm thankful to say, very small, but still there is a little. May we find help from above to enable us to put down that little. Been to our annual teachers' meeting to-night, and lost all the evening's work in consequence. Rowed stroke again to-day, and don't apprehend being turned out again. Our boat, I think, is uncommonly good. We hope to bump Caius' boat in the races—a thing which has been the object of the L. M. second boat for many years past.

'*Feb.* 12.—Went off by train to Shelford immediately after breakfast this morning with S——. We got a fair half-hour's skating for our trouble, and walked home again. The frost

was breaking up fast when we left the ice. Hardly read at all to-day: partly my coach's fault, for putting no screw on me; partly my own, for not screwing myself.

'*Feb.* 13.—A rapid thaw has succeeded to the frost; but I found great difficulty in getting to work to-day all the same, and made a very poor show at my coach's to-night. Rowing was difficult to-day, in consequence of a strong wind that blew. Walked up from the boat-house with ——, and spoke a word to him indirectly about swearing, which he seemed to take in. I seem to have a strange kind of affection for him. I fancy it arises from this cause,—the very strong resemblance between a gentleman and a Christian, even when the former is utterly void of true religion.

'*Feb.* 15, *Sunday.*—Had an unusually quiet school this morning. The silence was perfect, and the attention nearly so, owing to Mr. Rutter, the superintendent, coming in, and sitting down in the middle of the children. Address at the Victoria Asylum somewhat of a failure this afternoon, owing to insufficient preparation for it. Had a pleasant evening with old S——.

'*Feb.* 18.—Read some of Byron's *Don Juan*

to-night for the first time. Admire his measure, deprecate the matter, and pity the man.

'*Feb.* 19.—After hall to-day, the first of a series of prayer-meetings was held in my rooms, to ask God's blessing upon Mr. Blackwood's expected visit in about a fortnight. Thirteen men came, and we have prospects of getting several more; so that I must begin to look out for seats.

'*Feb.* 20.—Nothing unusual occurred in to-day's work. This evening my temper was roused at hall by my being laughed at; and my lack of taking such things in a good-natured way has given rise to several unpleasant reflections. Began training for the races to-day, and was much disgusted by the swearing at breakfast.

'*Feb.* 22, *Sunday.*—Had a busy and happy Sunday, though begun with a boating breakfast. Good school in morning, with hymns afterwards, and nice meeting in afternoon at the Victoria Asylum, S—— giving the address. Saw the corpse of poor old Kirkup afterwards, looking peaceful in death as ever he was in his life—a ripe sheaf of corn gathered home to the garner above. Went to the mission service in the school at Barnwell after evening service, and

spoke to the people, and sang a hymn to them taught me by R——, with a chorus, "Will you be there, and I?" Had —— and —— in my rooms to tea, and much enjoyed a little talk about our duty as Christians towards L. M. boating men.

Feb. 24.—My twenty-first birthday brought me no less than seven letters. Three contained promises of something substantial: ——'s of a gold chain, ——'s of a Bible, and ——'s of a set of studs; but not one of these articles shall I get until I go home; and so greatly is the enjoyment of a present curtailed by its non-arrival at the proper time, that, though I will tell no one of it, I will never, if possible, make presents to other people in this way. Went to Dean Mason's this morning, and at the end of a friendly interview arranged to go to him once a week to read Genesis in Hebrew. He told me I was much too slightly made to go in for rowing, with a lot of bosh of the same kind; and though I have a wee notion myself that the labour I am undergoing this term in the second boat is a little too much of a good thing, I am resolved to stick to it like a Trojan, and serve my College Boat Club faithfully. Am afraid I

have had no time to-day for serious reflections on my arrival at maturity. Perhaps they'll keep till to-morrow.

'*Feb.* 26.—Must confess that races don't help one to read harder, though they make one more thankful for the blessing of a bed. Shall be rather glad when this term is over, being already tired of it, and having my birthday presents to look forward to. To-day the wind blew boisterously, and rowing was most disagreeable. H—— will go and hear Blackwood next week. T—— promised me to go this morning.

'*Feb.* 28.—Got B—— to promise to come and hear Blackwood on Thursday.

'*March* 1, *Sunday.*—Had a good school this morning, the address being given by H——, the late third wrangler. Got on nicely too, at the Victoria Asylum; fixed Tuesday evening for a tea-party there.

'*March* 3.—Promised T—— to-day to go in for the pair-oar races with him, which come off on the 21st of this month. Been to the Victoria Asylum tea-party this evening, and our little programme for the entertainment of the people gave great satisfaction to the number of old folks who were there. S——, and B——, and

M——, were there,—little addresses, hymns, rounds, and reading, passed away the time, and from the pleased countenances of the people, the meeting was considered a great success.

'*March* 4.—Been calling on some men to get them to come to Blackwood to-morrow night; we expect the Guildhall to be nearly full.

'*March* 5.—For the last fortnight I have had prayer-meetings in my rooms for Mr. Blackwood's address to-night, and our prayers have been wonderfully answered; the huge Guildhall was nearly full, at least so it seemed; thought nearly 800 men were there. On some I know a great impression was made, and very few were there who laughed. I feel sure we may expect a very great blessing on the result. Reading Savonarola's Life.

'*March* 10.—Hurrah for the L. M. B. C.! Our fourth boat got on the river to-day, and will probably go up like smoke in the races this week. Snow has been falling vigorously all day, the beautiful weather of the last fortnight having ended at last.

'*March* 11.—Hurrah for our second boat! We bumped Caius II. to-day! and the object of the ambition of the L. M. second boat for the

last five years has at length been attained. The crew are the subjoined :—

Bow	Thorndyke.	5	Stuart.
2	Goldie.	6	Tarleton.
3	Adam.	7	Darby.
4	Barlow.	Stroke	Bishop.

'*March* 14.—This last day of the races has been a most satisfactory one for the L. M. B. C., all of whose boats have made a bump. Our own (second boat) was made near Charon's after a most desperate struggle, at a stroke of forty at least the whole way, which we kept up pretty well with great effort; our third boat is well up on the second division, and our fourth boat is last but one on the third division, and therefore there is no danger of coming off again next year. Been to a boating supper at A——'s rooms this evening, and a strange scene it was for two Christians like —— and myself to be in, and yet we did really go with a view to do good, and now I cannot say I am sorry I went. We both came away early, before anyone became the worse for wine.

'*March* 21.—Another piece of good fortune!

Won the pair-oars to-day with Thorndyke. Am very tired of the term, and in a great hurry to go down: have done too much rowing: mean to go down on Tuesday.

MAY TERM, 1874.

'*April* 18, *Saturday.*—Read pretty well to-day; rowing as usual, and I anticipate much hard labour for the next six weeks. This evening began to prepare for to-morrow's address, but suddenly began to think upon certain schemes for the improvement of the boat-club, and could not get them out of my head until some important conclusions had been arrived at; as it is, my thoughts have so excited me that I'm not at all sleepy as I usually am.

'*April* 19, *Sunday.*—Had a busy Sunday to-day with school and address at Victoria Asylum. Could find no surplice to-night, and so could not go to chapel. Stevenson came in to-night and had tea with me; he has persuaded me to try getting up at 5.30, and getting seven hours' work done before going down to the boats. Saw P—— at Chesterton this afternoon, who is dying of consumption, and isn't at peace with God.

'*April* 25.—This morning old S——, my coach, discovered that I was rowing this May, whereupon he jawed, scolded, and stormed till nearly black in the face, endeavouring to convince me of the impropriety of such a recreation. Don't see it at all, and coachee shall go to the wall; however, I rowed much worse to-day in consequence, and have been very dull ever since; having slept over it a night or two I hope to recover from all its effects. Read *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

'*April* 28.—Read well to-day, and coachee this morning was far more reasonable, and made a reasonable proposal for lecture at nine in the morning, instead of bothering me in the evening. Saw P—— to-day again; he was revived a little from the state in which I saw him on Sunday. I found that —— had been to see him, which very much astonished me, and I have real reason to believe that he must be a converted man. Had a talk with him about boat-house rent.

'*April* 29.—Breakfast with S—— in Mr. G——'s rooms this morning: talked about the Asylum: we agreed to get up subscriptions for a new library for the old people.

'*April* 30.—Began training to-day. I have

refused to have my boat to wine after hall, and I am afraid the crew won't like it ; however, I think I shall stick to my determination.

'*May* 2.—I have had for about a week a nasty kind of pain just within my ribs in front, which I don't know how to account for very well. I only hope that it isn't rowing that has made it.

'*May* 3, *Sunday.*—Had a very pleasant school this morning, getting the children pretty well in hand. Preached on 'flowers' as my text to-day at the Asylum, and again reproach myself for insufficient preparation. Saw poor P—— afterwards, who lives on from day to day, but may die almost at any moment. Was very much helped in speaking to him, feeling at first utterly unable to say a single word, but afterwards was given a seasonable word for him. S—— and S—— had tea with me. Avoided the boating wine to-day.

'*May* 4.—Had my boat to wine to-day without any bear-fighting. Continue to feel the pain in the centre of my chest, and don't quite know what to make of it. Rowed in our light ship to-day, and went pretty well.

'*May* 10, *Sunday.*—Must have forgotten last night, and yet a most exciting accident happened

yesterday, which I ought to have been anxious to record. Our boat slipped its nose under the chain of Foster's grind, when going at full speed; the men in the bows were a good deal knocked about by the chain, and six and seven jumped in the excitement into the water. The ship itself was much damaged, fortunately no one was seriously hurt. To-day, Sunday, had a very remarkable school; an uproar amongst the people for a quarter of an hour, and then a complete silence, great attention, and good singing afterwards. At the Asylum the old people contributed in earnest towards the fund for their library. Jolly old S—— had tea with me to-night.

'*May* 14.—Have a nasty cold, and feel very stupid, and not at all fit for rowing hard. Done no very hard work to-day however. Was terribly disgusted to-night by the swearing that went on at supper, and begin to get very sick of the amusements of rowing. Ascension-day, ten o'clock morning chapel.

'*May* 16.—The papers slang the L. M. very much this week, and me especially in some cases. Mr. G. came in to me to-night to talk about the books for the Victoria Asylum.

'*May* 21.—First day of races; in a great

fever of apprehension all day; bumped by Jesus at the willows, alas! Spent a most pleasant evening with B——'s people to-night, who were very musical and pleasant. Sang them the "Arab's Farewell."

'*May* 22.—Had the hardest lines possible to-day. Just as the boats started for the races; second stroke, crack! Smash went Stuart's stretcher, utterly preventing him from doing a bit of work, and, of course, we were bumped by 1st Trinity, and a trifle sooner than by the Jesus boats yesterday. We will just bump them again to-morrow. See if we don't. Our boat is as under:—

Bow	R. C. Haviland.	2	C. H. D. Goldie.
3	Darby.	4	F. Tarleton.
5	E. A. Stuart.	6	C. Halliday.
7	P. J. Hibbert.	Stroke	G. A. Bishop.

Cox. Rooper.

'*May* 25.—Squeaked away as narrowly as possible from 3rd Trinity again to-day. I caught a horrid crab at Grassy, at which we lost a lot; but we spurted hard down the Plough, and again round Ditton, and just kept away from them. Trinity Hall pressed hard,

else we should certainly get bumped by them if we had not 3rd Trinity behind us. The experience of these races is that a hard stroke of thirty-eight at least must be started with, and kept well up; that down the Plough an awful bucket must be rowed, and a right good spurt again when round Ditton corner. Felt far better to-night than I did on Saturday. The boat is to have a supper at the Bull on Wednesday evening after the races; it is quite clear that I must not go to it.

'*May* 26.—Started at a fine stroke to-day, between thirty-nine and forty per minute, quickened up round Grassy, and were well away from 3rd Trinity up the Long Reach. We also gained pretty well on first-second; so far to-day we have done well. Only one more race. —— and I declined to go to our boat supper, and as some others didn't care to have it at the Bull, the idea has been given up. I think it probable we shall have none at all. Been giving lectures on Greek Testament to R. and B.

'*May* 27.—Started to-day, last of the races at the same pace as yesterday, doing the course in nine minutes, thirty seconds, against nine minutes, twenty seconds, of yesterday. Had much

trouble to get away from third-first, who were for a long time within a few yards of us. Spurted furiously up the Plough to-day, but went dreadfully slowly round Grassy and Ditton. —— rowed to-day like a portmanteau,—in splendid style. The boating supper is, doubtless, going on at the present moment. The men were not surprised at —— and me for refusing to go, though they didn't like it.

'*June* 3.—Been paying bills and settling old scores to-day, after going for the last time to my coach. Going to Oxford to-morrow by the 8.0 A.M. train. Heartily glad the Term is over. I've rowed in my college boat, which is something, but I don't now think much of it, and it has been a great strain. My work, I think, has been very fair for a May term. Anyway I have done all my coach wanted, and a little more. S—— goes down with me to-morrow.'

OCTOBER TERM.

'*Oct.* 9.—More than four months since I last wrote. Came up to-day from Teignmouth under considerable mental depression. Found rooms very comfortable, and J—— [his brother,

who came up this term] came in after a while, and all gloom disappeared for the time. Beginning a new term; must really try and work my hardest and best. I won't force myself to talk religious conversation, or to pretend to like it when I don't like it; and as for work, well, I mean to work harder.

'*Oct.* 14.—Been to Sinker; arranged work with him; and mean to attend a lot of Gwatkin's and Perowne's lectures. Stayed in all afternoon on L. M. B. C. business.

'*Oct.* 20.—In my anxiety to do my best for the club, I am thinking about it a great deal too much, and mean to try and think less. S—— came in at about eleven o'clock to-night, and talked a bit. Oh, I should like to be good like he is.

'*Oct.* 25, *Sunday.*—Had a full school this morning, at which the children were not more boisterous than usual. Subject of address: "The Ark as a type of Christ." Beautiful sermon from Vaughan this afternoon; church not big enough to seat all who came to hear. Went to school this afternoon to the monthly prayer-meeting of teachers. Had five men to tea to-night. Sung a lot of hymns. Began the

series of meetings between hall and chapel for Blackwood to-day. Several men came; we hope to have several more.

'*Oct.* 29.—Terminal meeting of daily prayer-meeting; room densely packed; many obliged to stand, in spite of the addition of three new forms. Several flashes of lightning this afternoon.

'*Nov.* 4.—Been very down in the mouth about my work to-day; been muttering many anathemas upon my memory.

'*Nov.* 12.—Went to long-looked-for Blackwood meeting; heard a most beautiful address. Guildhall very crowded, and men very attentive. Several men refused me to-day to go.

'*Nov.* 25.—Day as usual; am rather lame with a pain in my right foot, and find it very troublesome in running down with my boat.

'*Nov.* 26.—Have still got a rheumatic pain in one leg; could not run down to-day with my boat; weather still very cold. Read the *Nonconformist* in the Union this afternoon; have felt very churchy since. Capital lecture from Gwatkin to-night on Empress Helena's discovery of cross.

'*Nov.* 29.—Leg still bad; rode down to see

trial-eights to-day; my boat didn't win, but, contrary to all expectation, Tarleton's boat, stroked by Gwillam, was first. Been with immense difficulty preparing something to say to the teachers of the Ragged-school to-morrow.

'*Dec.* 2.—Translated three verses of "Thy will be done" into Hebrew this morning. Spent the afternoon with Carus Wilson and Foster at Trinity organ. Enjoyed the pleasure of endeavouring to play on that noble instrument. Reading *History of Signboards* with great interest.

'*Dec.* 8.—Saw Peterhouse chapel with S——, and played upon the funny old organ in the chapel; afterwards heard the Coronation Anthem in King's Chapel. R—— came and read with me all morning. End of term in prospect prevents me from getting much work on.

'*Dec.* 12.—Got the L. M. accounts out all right, with surplus income of sixpence. Been preparing two addresses for to-morrow.'

CHAPTER V.

LAST MONTHS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'—*John*, xii. 24.

'He that works and *does* some poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of poet.'—*Carlyle.*

WE now come to the last months of George's college life, cut short so suddenly and unexpectedly, as he was in the very midst of work, and followed by his long illness.

He was greatly disappointed during Lent term, at being removed from the first to the second boat, and speaks in his diary of the difficulty of settling himself to it happily, though it was not long before his full interest returned, and he worked as hard in the second boat as he had done in the first.

The vexed question of attending the boating supper again troubled him; and finally, in May,

he went. With what results to himself, as a matter of pleasure and enjoyment, we can only judge by the entry in his diary—'Had a very miserable boat supper.' Whether it resulted in good to others, those who were there can best judge; but, from the state of his own feelings, it is impossible almost to think that at any rate *he* hoped that this had been the case.

As soon as the weather became warm enough, he and his brother, aided by others, began an open-air service in Barnwell, the very poor district in which was their ragged school. It seems to have been always well attended, and at times crowds gathered to listen. Who shall say what seeds of truth fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit unto eternal life from these services? Who shall say how often sin and evil were restrained, good fostered and strengthened, sorrow comforted, and hearts yielded up to Christ? God grant that at the resurrection morning the seed thus cast broadcast over those multitudes may appear in rich sheaves to the glory of God, and gladden the hearts of those who sowed in fear and trembling.

They continued to hold (with the consent of the rector of the parish) the Sunday evening school

services in Maddingly, already mentioned; and George began a special little meeting, in his rooms, on Sunday evenings, designed particularly for his boating friends, but to which all were welcome. The attendance fluctuated. At times he rejoiced over the presence of a number, then sorrowed and questioned if it was his fault when there were but few.

The Rev. Walter Earle, writing after George's death, to his father, thus mentions one of these meetings.

'*Yarlet Hall, Stone, Jan.* 12, 1876.

'A few lines I trust may be no intrusion on the sacredness of your sorrow; but I valued your dear boy so much, that it was a great blow to me to see the sad announcement in the paper.

'The last time I saw him was an occasion not likely to be forgotten by me. I was staying in Cambridge last May, and he came to spend an hour with me at my hotel; and the night previous to that, *the two first crews of the Lady Margaret* Boat Club had held a meeting in his rooms, at his invitation, for *prayer*. The fact requires no comment. It was a marvel to me

who knew the sadly lax irreligious habits of University life, to think of a young fellow having such influence for good.

'His loss is irreparable; but, oh, what a comfort to sorrowing parents to reflect on their child's early life, so spent in God's service.

'I do not add a comparative stranger's sympathy with grief that should not be intermeddled with, but my wife and I will never forget him. Such an example in one so young is a help in life.'

From the same:

'*Yarlet Hall, Jan.* 21, 1876.

'. . . . It must have been in December, '72, that your son came from the University to stay with me at Red Gate. I was in the middle of my school examination, and was suddenly laid up in bed. I shall never forget the kind way in which he helped me, making every little service a thorough pleasure, and doing his utmost to ease the burden which fell so heavily just then on my wife's shoulders; so that we have often said to ourselves since that day, when we have been somewhat overdone, "We must send for Bishop." I am very glad you are going to give

us some little memoir of him; not so much as a memorial of his pure life, for he was the last fellow to wish his virtues published upon the housetops, but as a blessed guide to many a one at the University, who, if he is not living a thoughtless life, at all events may be unaware of the mighty influence which a young man is able to exert upon college society, if he really seeks for the daily help of God's Holy Spirit.

'His death is nothing but a victory, and I believe it will be true of him, though we may never know it, that "the dead which he slew at his death were more than they whom he slew in his life." . . . .'

In this Lent term George, with the aid of others, started a meeting in St. John's College, called the Sunday School Class Society, at which teachers from the different schools should meet every Saturday evening for prayer, and discussion upon school work. He thought that if a man had any good in him, he would be sure to be a Sunday School teacher, and it might be the means of bringing shy men out into a more decided Christian life, as he felt it had done for himself.

It was in this term that some mission services were also started in the old school, at Barnwell, on Sunday evenings, for the poor people who would not go to church; and these he took up most heartily.

In May and June this year a most decided spiritual change took place with George. His inward life had been gradually deepening and broadening, but ever tinged with that proud reserve which seemed such a contradiction to his religion. The fear of 'cant' and mere 'phraseology' in others, added to that of saying or looking anything more than he truthfully knew and experienced in religion himself, led him to live, in a large measure, on *himself*. He longed for more of God, but seemed to clasp his fears so close to his heart that there was not the possibility of seeing things in that light which alone can lead us to truth and life—the light of God.

But He who is 'the way' led His servant gently on, showing him the reflection of Himself in others of His children, and making him to long increasingly for that same image on himself.

There are other graves beside those where we stand and weep for our loved ones gone

into the Better Land, and when the corn was fully ripe, He put in the sickle, and revealed the root of bitterness within, and gave the grace of willingness that shrank not from the cutting down and burying of that last barrier between Him and His son; between His servant and his fellow-servants.

George makes but little mention of this in his diary. It was not his way to talk much of things that moved him deeply. He merely writes, 'M—— came in to-night, talked to me about my pride; rated me well, and spoke most beautifully. I must give it up; no doubt about that. God help me!'

And give it up he did; not merely silently in his own heart. That was not enough for a nature such as his. But outwardly, by word of mouth, to any who he feared might have been offended or wronged by it. It was almost a revelation to him that his silence, his reticence, his reserve, should resolve themselves mainly into a pride that was exalting itself against God. Not that his *nature* of reserve was altered; but the pride that fostered it—the pride that cut him off from his brethren—that separated him from his God, was gone. God had spoken, and

almost, as we read in the book of Kings, there came the shaking of the foundations of the heart, and the fire and breath of purification; and then the 'still, small voice' speaking peace, only better than as in the days of old, God was in them all.

Towards the end of the month he wrote to his friend:

'77 *Onslow Square, June* 27, 1875.

'MY DEAR OLD M——,

'N—— probably told you in his letter some days ago that his proud brother had come down a peg or two. I've been since told that I looked a bit different at first sight on coming home from Cambridge, and then I ate humble-pie to everybody, though, however, I have more to swallow yet. It reminded me afterwards of the little book which John had to eat in the Revelation—it was most vile in the mouth, and horrid while going down, but once in the belly the delicious effects were apparent at once. I'm not ungrateful to you, dear old boy. Since then I need scarcely say I have been rather happier than the day is long—last night, for example, I heard three o'clock strike before getting a wink

of sleep, so to-day I'm very stupid. I do so wish you could have come to the Conference at Mildmay—it was so jolly, old boy, all about the *King* all three days, and about giving Him our crowns. "On His head were many crowns." I think mine's there now. I could tell you a lot about N——, but he is going to write himself. I hope you will have a rare good time of it at York, and get as many children for the Royal Army as you want.

'Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY. LENT TERM, 1875.

'*Jan.* 22.—Came up to-day, more than a week early, to coach a boat for S——, who is rowing for the 'Varsity. Got here at two, and took a four down to Ditton. Sharp frost last night. Cambridge very cold. Think of going to Lowestoft to-morrow for the Sunday.

'*Jan.* 26.—Been to Lowestoft to see Mr. Webb, returned to-day—had a very jolly visit, but spent a horrid lot of money.

'*Feb.* 12.—To-day very, very mild; all frost

gone; read with F—— a good deal; coached second boat, and begin to find it a dreadful grind to have to run. Had a little talk with —— to-day; he couldn't see that it was wrong to play for money. Took the prayer-meeting to-day, but was very frightened.

'*Feb.* 17.—Done a fair day's work. Saw old Simpson and Mrs. Simpson to-day at the Asylum before rowing down in the four. Had a business meeting to-night to consider about proposed college Sunday-school teachers' meeting, to be held weekly. Agreed that it would be very jolly to have it. Will begin next Saturday.

'*Feb.* 20.—Had meeting of teachers in my rooms this evening, have every reason to think it will be a good thing for college. Been to Peter Mason to-night, who put me up to a trick or two—he was awfully pleased with my composition.

'*Feb.* 25.—Parents' tea-meeting to-night in Barnwell; old N—— came and spoke for a long while. I think the evening was a very happy one. Christopher, of Oxford, took second part of the prayer-meeting to-day.

'*Feb.* 26.—Still continue dumpy; find my

music an enormous comfort. Coached the Queen's boat to-day.

'*March* 17.—Last day: going down to-morrow, and very glad of it. Got L. M. accounts all square, and done most of my packing. Walked to Grantchester this afternoon with T——, and played on the organ for a good while—think I've done a good lot of work this term on the whole; feel my bad memory a tremendous nuisance.

MAY TERM, 1875.

'*April* 10.—Came up on Wednesday to row. Shall not stroke this year, but am put at bow; we hope to have a rare good boat. Been reading Chaucer; very quaint and interesting, but such that I mean to read no more.

'*April* 19.—Grand Sunday yesterday; very happy school and asylum service. In evening to Bible reading at S——'s; T—— and T—— came, and we sang a lot of Sankey's hymns. Been turned out of first boat to-day.

'*April* 20.—Rowed in second boat to-day; am swallowing my feelings as best I can at being turned out of the first boat. Debate in

Union to-night on Disestablishment of the Church; very crowded, and full of enthusiasm.

'*April* 21.—Breakfasted with B——, and talked with him for nearly an hour about "salvation." Rowed in second boat to-day, and feel a little happier than I did. Had tea with F—— to-night; did some Hebrew, and jolly talk afterwards.

'*April* 22.—Read all this morning, but have done no work since; rowed in unhappy second boat to-day, and hope to be pretty happy in it after a while. Had old N—— in for supper this evening, who was very jolly.

'*April* 24.—Had a grand meeting to-night of the Sunday-school Society: subject, "Necessity for Influencing College Friends for Good." A great deal seems to be going on just now amongst the men; several of them seem very seriously disposed and longing to know more of the truth as in Christ.

'*April* 26.—Very pleasant Sunday yesterday—capital service after school in open air in Barnwell; grand meeting in Guildhall in afternoon. Several men came in to tea in my rooms, and we sang hymns and had a Bible-reading.

Been reading as much as I could to-day; lecture from P. Mason to-night. Grand scheme just starting for improving our chapel services, and raising some excitement in the college.'

This scheme is mentioned in the following letter, written about this time to to Mr. H——:

'*St. John's College, April* 27, 1875.

'MY DEAR OLD DEAREST OF H——s,

'I beg leave suddenly to wake up from a lethargy of several months, during which I have never so much as written a line to you, and to wish you a great many happy returns of your old birthday, and besides that all manner of good wishes for your welfare in all matters temporal and spiritual, for present and for future. . . . .

'Do you know I should like to write a real serious letter to you, but the remembrance of your dear old benevolent, grinning countenance while I write completely overwhelms all other recollections, and I can't write anything but bosh. Well, however, you will be sorry to hear that I'm no better than I should be, and if there was a righteousness tripos up here, I think I might perhaps get a third, or be

allowed the general—still I am very happy to inform you that there is a tremendous lot of good going on up here, both amongst 'Varsity men and in the town: people are waking up right and left, and weekly Evangelistic meetings are just crammed with people. Old —— is a first captain this year. We have assemblies in different rooms on Sunday nights, and sing hymns and read. —— says grace for his boat at all the breakfasts, and exerts himself in divers other ways. We are having a rare agitation just now in the college to besiege the Master and seniors to let us sing some hymns in our dull morning chapel services, and other trifling attractions to make them more hearty. We are very sanguine of success, and are about to hold a meeting in the College Hall and get a petition signed by the whole college.

'What do you think? They have turned me out of the first boat this year, and I am enjoying the pleasure of a come-down into the second again. Don't you condole with me?

'I wonder if you could come up here and see me? I could put you up if you could, and so many men up here would be delighted to see your ancient and religious visage. I'm afraid I

can't write more now, and with best love, believe me,

'Ever yours, very faithfully,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

'*May* 3.—Such a jolly Sunday yesterday—after school, open-air service in Barnwell; one man in tears, and I believe came to Christ then and there. Large meeting at Guildhall in afternoon. I acted as steward. In evening sixteen boating-men in my rooms singing Sankey's hymns; we read John, iii. S—— talked about it splendidly; afterwards he and M—— prayed. Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Earle at the Bull this morning. Began training to-day.

'*May* 4.—Been very seedy to-day, indigestion from training, but much better to-night. Talked to —— to-day. Poor fellow! he is so in the dark. Greatly delighted to-night by —— coming up and telling me what a lot of good his friends are getting from our meetings here—one man after another standing boldly out for Christ. Oh, it is splendid! May many more men come out too and join us.

'*May* 10.—Splendid meeting last night of twenty-five men in my rooms; was wonderfully

grand. Meeting in Guildhall in afternoon rather a failure, but other meetings very nice. To-day breakfast of C. M. S. at Lion Hotel—nice address from Canon Hoare. This afternoon meeting in S——'s rooms about chapel service; scheme for promoting changes was considerably sat upon; however, the agitation about it has done a great deal of good in the college; no bad conduct in chapel last afternoon.

'*May* 13.—Very hot to-day; rowing most tremendous exertion. Drank beer to-night for supper; mean to do it no more, have been too sleepy ever since to do anything. Been reading Jewell's *Apology;* like it very much.

'*May* 15.—Cooler day, and rowing more pleasant. Went to King's Chapel to-day, beautiful quadruple chant for long psalm. Capital Sunday-school Society meeting to-night. G—— came up, and was much pleased.

'*May* 17.—Very large open-air service yesterday morning, about 700 people, I should think. Evening meeting in my rooms; very few men came; am afraid they begin to dislike it.

'*May* 18.—Got a lot of work on to-day; rowed down to-day in light ship; we are very much fancied, and considered to be safe to go up.

Met T——'s people this afternoon; had a long and jolly talk with T—— himself to-night about boats and men; did one a lot of good; makes me long a little more for those men's souls; talked about the swearing at the breakfasts, and narrated conversions.

'*May* 24.—Very nice Sunday yesterday; full school and crowded; open-air service afterwards; very jolly service at the Victoria Asylum; saw dear old Mrs. Simpson. Just a few men met in my rooms in the evening. Great inward tussle to-day about going to the boat supper to-morrow evening. Told the men at supper to-night I wouldn't go; but after thinking more about it, and a long talk with T——, I think I will go, and retract what I said last night at breakfast to-morrow; perhaps I may keep some of them from drinking too much.

'*May* 25.—This evening had a very miserable boat supper. No one drank any too much wine. We were shouting afterwards, and in came the senior Dean, and after warning us not to make a row, came in a second time and turned us all out. We went to the first boat room after that, and stayed there some time; not a man was drunk, but a song was sung. P.

Mason turned us out of that too; caught me jumping through the window.

'*June* 2.—Been reading Hebrew hard; have imbibed a tremendous amount of knowledge. Done nothing else to-day, except organ-practice at All Saints.

'*June* 8.—Had two Greek Testament papers to-day; did not do very well in either of them. M—— came in to-night; talked to me about my pride; rated me well, and spoke most beautifully. I must just give it up; no doubt about that. God help me.

'*June* 9.—Last day of examination; did pretty well this morning in Hebrew, but badly this afternoon. H—— and T—— in to tea to-night, and making a great row with flute and fiddle. Going down to-morrow at ten.'

Long Vacation, 1875.

'*July* 6.—Have been with F—— to Lowestoft since last Friday; had a rare time of it; both of us enjoyed it to our heart's content, and came back very much the better for it; my appetite quite restored, and altogether I am

fitter to get on with the Long's work. Saw F—— to-night; had a jolly letter from F——, after the one I wrote to him.

'*July* 12 (*Last Sunday but one at Cambridge*). —Happy Sunday yesterday. Children delighted to see us at school; large numbers assembled in view of the school treat. No open-air service after, because of the rain. Nice little meeting at the Asylum; subject of the address, "Charity." Went to C——'s in the evening with C——, W——, and T——. To-day has been horrid cold. Organ lesson at Clare; want to improve an immense deal this long.

'*July* 13.—Jolly day of it to-day. Breakfasted with F——. Had some nice talks with T——; finished up with the most splendid lecture from Mr. Gwatkin on "Faith," introduced by Epistle to the Romans. Very much enjoyed it, so did old F——.

'*July* 15.—Pouring rain all day. Going in for music hard. Another lecture on "Faith" to-night, or rather a long talk about it all lecture time. Gwatkin says, "Perfect holiness comes only through perfect faith."

'*July* 16.—Very jolly time to-day. Got desponding this afternoon at my organ-practice,

but am told that is a sign of improvement. Had T—— in to tea to-night to meet F——, and had a capital talk, and read on subject of "Pride."

'*July* 17.—Lunched at Gwatkin's house to-day; was shown all the new furniture, which is remarkably pretty, and played a little on the new piano. Had a two hours' talk with Gwatkin about faith, which I enjoyed immensely. Nice little Sunday-school meeting afterwards about "Faith" resulting in "Holiness." Coached Youths' Club right down this afternoon.

'*July* 19 (*Last Sunday at Cambridge*).—Happy Sunday yesterday; very full school, in anticipation of the treat, but couldn't get children quiet to be talked to. Open-air service afterwards, fairly attended. Long talk with Mrs. Lawton at the Asylum in the afternoon. Went to Barnwell in the evening to school-room service, but did not like it at all. Organ lesson to-day at Clare. Got on capitally; quite astonished Mr. Dewberry.'

CHAPTER VI.

'By the pain-throb triumphantly winning intensified bliss.'—*R. Browning.*

'Through faith . . . quenched the violence of fire.'—*Heb.* xi. 33.

THAT was the last entry in George's diary, for he only kept it while at Cambridge, and never returned there.

With his constitution already undermined by former hard rowing and college work, to an extent of which he had not the least idea, the incessant activity—mental and bodily—to which he was still devoting himself, proved too great a strain upon his powers, and the four services on that last Sunday seem to have completely exhausted him. The next day he got up feeling thoroughly ill, yet went on with his usual work. The following day, however, violent palpitation

came on, with severe pain, and he entirely 'collapsed,' as he himself expresses it.

It was thought to be only an attack of indigestion, but he became so much worse, that on the Friday he telegraphed to say he was coming home, and his friend, Mr. Murray, brought him up from Cambridge.

He was extremely weak and ill at home, and fancying London did not agree with him, and that sea-air would restore him, he went almost immediately to Brighton with one of his brothers. After a couple of short visits to friends, he settled there for four or five weeks with his mother.

No alarm was entertained about him at this time; he was sometimes better, sometimes worse, and spent the greater part of the time in lying on the sofa or sitting out on the beach. Reading was his great resource.

It cost him a struggle to relinquish all idea of returning to Cambridge that term, which he mentions in some of his letters, though at this time the prospect of recovery seemed certain. He accepted his lot, not merely patiently, but even cheerfully, and from the very first set to work to learn from it the lessons that his Master

would teach him. 'Sickness is not an evil,' he wrote to one friend; 'It is good training for me,' to another.

There was no murmuring, no fighting against his lot. The surrender of his will to God, the fight with pride, from which God had brought him out victorious, had given him new life, new insight into that Heart which suffered and bled for him; fresh knowledge of himself, fresh loathing of himself, and increasing desire for a more entire possession of, and following after Christ Jesus our Lord, and Him only.

A great longing seized him to see their old house once more before it was entirely given up, and he shortly went down to Staffordshire with another brother, and spent, who shall say what longing hours over the old house and gardens, learning what new lessons of the Father above, and looking back with what sorrow and love on the path by which he had been led?

He became much better while here, and then went into Wales to Bangor, to visit a college friend, whose mother thus wrote of him during the last week of his illness:—

'He was here long enough for us to learn

to love him very much, and we can dimly conjecture how deep is the shadow that his illness must have thrown over your life from the first. I do hope it may please the Father of Heaven, who loves him so well, to spare him from the better home for a while for your sakes. The dear, gentle, loving laddie! he seemed to me like a child of my own almost. There is not one in this house to whom the tidings of his illness were not very sad tidings; he was so beloved by all.'

In one of his letters he mentions his time here as having been a particularly happy one, and showing him something of the 'jolly side' of illness. He continued to gain strength for some time, but on one occasion rather over-exerted himself, when he fell back somewhat, but appeared to be recovering partially when he returned to the 'Mount' for a few days before leaving it for ever.

He went up to London again, October 25th, and then, after further examination, the doctor pronounced his illness to be settling into paralysis, but of a mild kind, and bearing every prospect of recovery, with care and attention.

But he never rallied, nor ever again gained

strength. His powers seemed to leave him rather than to return. He hardly ever left the sofa, except occasionally to move to the table with the help of two sticks, and sit up for writing letters, or to crawl to the Bath-chair, in which he went out for a short time every day.

It seems a sad and sorrowful picture, but no one who saw it for themselves,—no one who saw the bright animated face, or listened to the eager merry talk, or to that deeper and more quiet converse about the things which concern our eternal peace, could have found it so. One friend thus writes of it :—

'. . . . I think I told you *something* of the impression made on me by seeing him the other day. It gave me such a *solemn* feeling as, with the recollection full in my mind, of the *bright, animated, vigorous* lad I had last seen, my eye fell on him as he sat there at the dinner-table,—I can scarcely *define* what I felt. It was not *pity* (much as I felt for him, and thought what it must be for a young man to be thus struck down just in the full blossoming of his powers both physical and intellectual). No, it was a feeling far more akin to *reverence.* It seemed as if I could almost see the Great Refiner sitting be-

side him, regulating the furnace as it were, and watching over him as over some "chosen vessel" whom He had called to the high service of suffering—the privilege of glorifying Him in the fires.'

The following letters from George, written during his illness, are full of interest on many points, and are given with the letters from his friend, an undergraduate of St. John's, which called them forth, so as to make the train of thought intelligible.

From Mr. ——:—

'*July* 31, 1875.

'MY DEAR BISHOP,

'So this is the way you give us the slip and cut off to Brighton to enjoy yourself, after sending us poor innocents to be mauled about and torn to pieces by the young ragamuffins at the treat! You will be pleased to hear, old boy, that the Saturday evening meetings go on in my rooms, taken by B—— and others in turn, as many as will come up to the scratch. All the other institutions are going on all right. I gave out the cause of your absence at the Asylum,

and the poor old things expressed great sympathy for their worthy pastor. Mrs. Lawson was not well—spiritually. The children were all so sorry Mr. Bishop could not come to their treat, it was one black spot in their otherwise unchequered day.

'The King has always had my heart as His kingdom almost without break from my childhood, but what I want is a more vigorous overthrow of the wicked energy in that kingdom. I suppose I must myself act through Him as a sort of civil police so as to render Him the kingdom peaceful, and the crown all the brighter and more sparkling.

'Yours ever sincerely.'

In answer:—

'36 *St. Aubyn's, Aug.* 2, 1875.

'MY DEARLY LOVED ——

'I'm most awfully obliged to you for your kind letter, and for its news about the treat. . . . I'm sorry for poor old Mrs. Lawson, but she has an atrocious memory, which, to some extent, perhaps, is the cause of needless anxiety. You might ask her whether she ever forgets that she

is a great sinner? if not, tell her she need never forget that Jesus is a great Saviour.

'Now regarding the kingdom I have a lot to say, but I'm afraid I'm rather stupid to-day at writing. I should have told you that yesterday I had another slight attack. . . . I'm afraid it settles the question of my coming up again, but I had a jolly letter from Gwatkin to-day to say I needn't be afraid about missing a second class if I didn't come up, which, of course, is a great help to making my banishment more tolerable.

'I'm afraid I didn't make my message sufficiently explicit in T——'s letter. I know you to have real saving faith, and rejoice that you have had it so long, but what I meant was, that you have not yet *fully surrendered* your heart to Christ, and consecrated it to be His kingdom alone. . . .

'It is as if one should talk of a beautiful flower-bed in the hands of a first-rate gardener, but still wanting a more vigorous overthrow of rank weeds. If the gardener be worthy of his name, he will make first a clean sweep of the weeds before the flower-bed can do him any honour. Then the flowers can grow; I don't say

there will be no tendencies of the weeds to crop up again, but the gardener will pull them up at their first appearance, so that never again shall either his flowers or his reputation be injured. I believe this to be no overdrawn picture, our natural hearts are the weedy beds, Christ the gardener, whose skill is beyond doubt.

'You say, "I suppose I must myself act through Him as a sort of civil police." I want to know what authority of Scripture you have to make such a supposition? Has Christ not sufficient power to subdue your wicked energies by Himself? Has He ever asked you to help Him? I'm afraid it is the wicked energy of pride that prompts us to offer our miserable assistance. Dear old ——, it *is hard* (and I speak from my own experience)—*very hard* to humble oneself right down into the dust before God, and own to Him that we are utterly vile and helpless: a bitter cup and hard to drink, yet Christ has drunk it first, and so we, for love of Him may come and drink it too, and we *must* if we would follow Him. Read Philip. ii. Christ humbled Himself and made Himself of no reputation, and if —— will let this mind be in him which was in Christ Jesus, he will humble

himself too, and give up all his reputation, not reserving to himself so much as the share of a civil policeman. You know how the chapter goes on to show that it is for this great humiliation that Christ is now highly exalted—"that every tongue should confess He is Lord-King." . . . He cannot be *your* own King, nor give you real exaltation until you first make a full surrender, and will get down from the high place which the deceitful heart will ever persuade you is all right, and where its own natural pride has placed you.

'God has given you some talents I well know, and I know too, that you want to consecrate them to His service through life. Well, talents will be of no real use to God, so long as the heart is wrong; you may be highly exalted before men in after life, but not before God, if there be one morsel of pride in the heart; you may by your reason and intellect gain great store of knowledge, but it will be of no use to God, if you don't count it all as dung compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; by determination and energy of will you may make great stir in the world, but it will be of no use in God's sight, if you do not

bring every thought into captivity to the will of Christ.

'Dear old ——, I know this is true, God's truth. The Spirit bears witness with my spirit that it is. *Do* just use the faith that God has given you, or that He will give you, and trust Him to keep His promises.

'Please forgive me if I have said a single unkind word, I *do so* want you to know the exceeding riches that are in Christ Jesus, that make the cup to run over with very happiness. "All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

'Ever very affectionately yours,

'GEORGE A. BISHOP.'

From the same:—

'*Aug.* 4, 1875.

'MY DEAR OLD BISHOP,

'. . . . I was so pleased with the last part of your letter, and I am going more especially to write to you now in answer to that. Well, I must give you as many objections as I can muster, for you to have a fling at, and I will begin:

'(1.) Doesn't your idea of the Christian's life cry, 'Peace,' when there is no peace?'

'(2.) Though you say God *can*, I am at liberty to say He *will* not; for He *can* destroy me in an instant, but he *will* not till it is the proper time; so that I do not see any argument from that.

'(3.) We are soldiers, and fight for our commander, though we gain the victory through Him. What is the use of the Heavenly Panoply, if we are not to fight, but to crowd behind our Commander? and the enemy that ranks equal with the world and the devil is ourselves. I think you neglect the *ego* (ourselves) too much, for you make God do all, and we nothing, which is not what the Bible teaches; is it?

'(4.) You forget the tendency of the devil to draw us away, while the love of Christ constrains us; hence we should at once be amalgamated into the image of Christ, and put on our heavenly dress too soon.

'(5.) Repentance is a *habit*, not a single act; and we need sin to be repented of. A Christian's life is a *growth*, not a sudden shoot up into a tree; for God always works by laws, even in our inner life, and that brings me to a

fallacy in your simile, for you seem to me to neglect the consideration of the ground which grows our flowers, and which is naturally sterile and productive of weeds, and *therefore* needs constant attention and manuring, so as to maintain the rare plants. And *note*, the more rich the ground is made, the quicker the weeds will sprout, and hence the greater care needed to root them out; which coincides with my idea, that the higher our growth in the Christian profession—the greater the fall we have, if we fall into sin.

'Now, dear old Bishop, I must ask you to really explain to me *clearly what I am to try to obtain*, for I don't know what it is? Astonishing as this may seem, I don't really know what you want me to do or realize. I cannot always be thinking of my God and Saviour, for my work and other things prevent it at times; but I can recur to it constantly. I suppose I am to set God always before me; to pray to Him when I am in danger of swerving; to trust in Him, love Him, realize the gracious Spirit, &c., all of which I do do, though not so perfectly as I hope to do by growing in grace. There are many things I want eradicated, as you say.

Pride is one of the biggest, but that cannot be extirpated here, only cut down lower. I know I am utterly worthless and wretched; a poor, poor creature compared with the great Creator. I know I can only be exalted in Christ, and it ought to make no difference to me, and I hope would not, to give up my talents, &c.; to do nothing but His will. In fact, that is my great desire and aim, and I know I often shoot wide of the mark.

'I must finish up now, and beg you to forgive me both for saying such a lot contrary to what you believe so firmly, and also for speaking always about myself, as I have now. I do thank you for your sympathy, and do feel I should like to be ever resting in the Lord. But, oh! my doubts.

'Good night.

'Yours ever lovingly.'

In answer:—

'146 *King's Road, Brighton,*
Aug. 6, 1875.

'MY DEAR OLD ——,

'. . . . I'm very grateful to you for having bestowed so much thought on the subject of my

letter. Your objections are somewhat appalling at first sight, especially being numbered in so precise a manner; but when at the end of them you ask me what it is I mean, and what it is all about, then, of course, I cease to wonder at them. If your head doesn't understand, old boy, what it's all about, I think your heart does; and it is from your heart that your objections seem to me to have come, and not from the head. I'm afraid I must decline to answer them one by one; if I did, I think in your next letter I should find to each of my five answers five new objections, and so on *ad infin.*

'That my letter cried "Peace," you seem to have found out; where there is no peace (peace *of* God I mean, not of course *with* God) in the heart, which says, "Oh, my doubts!" (You surely know these all come from the heart, not from the reason), and which "supposes" and "hopes," and "wants," all of which imply a state of unrest, of dissatisfaction, which nowhere does Scripture show to be the misfortune of the Christian, and which seems to seek a diminution of present unhappiness by a growth in grace, rather than a continuous increase of *present happiness, rest, joy, and peace.* If you any longer

don't know what it is I want you to have, it's this as above underlined. My head tells me it's written on every page of Scripture, nearly; my heart tells me it is a grand reality. And about the *ego*, far from neglecting it too much, I am only afraid lest anything I say should seem to imply the opposite. Believe me, it was a wise man that said, "Before honour is humility," and if *ego* would rise to honour, *ego* must be humiliated first; and the more he is neglected and brought low, the higher will be his after honour.

'With regard to the fighting, aren't you confusing civil war with international? We read a great deal in Scripture about the necessity of being constantly armed, and also of the might of our weapons to pull down strongholds; and knowing the heathen world in which the Christians of the Bible lived, we don't wonder at the first, and we rejoice at the second. But do we ever hear that all this time there must be a civil war going on in our hearts between ourselves and God? Don't you cry, "Oh, shame?" Well, there is evidently a civil war going on in yours, which you, I fancy, take to be God and you *versus* your wicked energies; but I take to be simply a

contest between God and yourself. I am at liberty to say "God can, but He *won't*," take your heart by force. Scripture teaches that it rests with you to give in. When you give in (and here's the tug of war), then you are conquered; and when you are conquered, then you can conquer, as St. Paul did; or rather not you, but Christ that will live in you.

'As for my poor simile, I had flattered myself it was rather a good one; but if it seems not, we had better let it be. Send me as many more objections as you like, old fellow; but let them be only from the head this time. Then, if I can, I'll be only too happy if I can help you; but if they're from the heart, I can't do any good. God must have it all.

'I am, in true love,

'Affectionately yours,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

From the same:—

'*Aug.* 9, 1875.

'MY VERY DEAR BISHOP,

'It is so good of you to write so often and so kindly to me; but you will be delighted to hear that I am certain I see now what you mean, and I did not reveal it to myself, but God

in His mercy showed it to me in evening chapel yesterday (Sunday).

'I had been thinking all the week of my pride—bad sinful pride, and saw of how many sins it was the root, and I prayed it might be shown me what you meant, if indeed there was anything in it; and so I went on all by myself, and there, in chapel, yesterday, I said to myself, "You are so afraid of dying, and of all these supernatural terrors; why is it?" And the reply came, "You are utterly *selfish* in your religion." "What do I want?" "You want *love, not fear.*" And I thought of the splendid passage, "*Perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment: he that feareth is not made perfect in love.*" T—— showed me that evening the hymn you recommended to me, and it corroborated what I had thought of *self.* Perfect love won't have any *self.* Self and pride must go. God give me grace—*His* grace and *His* strength to put them both away. At least you tell me that I have only to let Him do it when they spring up, and all will be well.

'I think it is getting back to the faith of a little child, to believe, and love, and put entire trust. But, Bishop, there is the future, and

Satan says it is only a passing paroxysm with me. The first temptation will upset you; the first doubt cut you adrift.

'And now I must look at the positive side of religion more. Love, peace, joy, entire sacrifice of self to God. (What is it prevents one? Why *Pride*.) But, Bishop, I do fear yet. I fear the dark clouds will spread, and glimpses will be few of the glory beyond, and sins of omission will be more numerous.

'Write and comfort your most loving friend.'

In answer:—

'146 *King's Road, Brighton,*
'*Aug.* 11, 1875.

'MY DEAR OLD ——,

'I was so pleased to hear what you told me in your letter of yesterday, and did so thank God for it. I'm sorry, though, that you should fear at all for the future, though I'm not surprised, because it would be unnatural if the devil did not try some plan of the sort as a final effort after receiving a death-blow. If you have not already discovered, old fellow, by this time that there is no cause for fear, let me try and tell

you something for your comfort, which did a lot of good to me. Last June old S—— spent a night with us in London, and before going to bed he and I were reading a bit, talking of our doubts, and comparing notes on the subject. Old S—— said, "Whenever I get any doubts I tell the devil he is a liar from the beginning." I thought that a rare good plan, and told him that whenever I got any I had tried to make a special effort of faith and tell myself that the Saviour's promise must come out all right. And S—— liked that very much too, and so we agreed to put the two together. Moreover, never since then have I found any doubt trouble me for longer time than was necessary to tell the devil he was a liar, and determine that I wouldn't make God one by doubting a single promise. Let the *ego* be completely crushed and there is no *ego* to be afraid of, but Christ ruling alone in the heart will do all things well; the government will be upon His shoulders, and His name called the Prince of Peace.

'Dear old ——, don't think from this that it will come all right in a few days if you just let your doubts alone; you mustn't retain a doubt in your mind for any length of

time at all, because if you do you cannot be trusting to Christ, and whom, then, are you trusting to? You must trust Him for each moment as it comes. Failure and trust in Christ *can't* possibly go together, else if they could the promises would be at fault and be all a mistake.

Very much love from,

'Yours very affectionately,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

The last meeting between these two friends was in October, and Mr. —— thus speaks of it:—

'I saw dear George in town in October.

'It was while he was in that Bath-chair under the trees of the park that he said to me on my asking, that he thought there was no need for us to go asking everyone whether they were saved or not. He said he had been reading the Bible with that in his mind, and found no command anywhere to do so; but he quite agreed with me that we should *use* opportunities if we did not make them.

'He liked looking at the horses in the park, he said, and we joked together about the old man

who was drawing him in the chair, George saying, that he had only just come out of the hospital, and, therefore, he (George) ought to draw *him*, and not *vice versâ*.

'I remember once in the Long, when we were walking up King's Parade, he was talking about dress, saying he didn't approve of swell-dressing, and ——, of Trinity, passed. "There," he said, "——, one of the best known men in the 'Varsity, and I believe he has on the same coat he had when he first came up."'

The following is a part of George's last letter to this friend :—

'63 *Onslow Gardens, Nov.* 9, 1875.

'MY DEAR ——,

'. . . . After this wasteful expenditure on earth's dull realities, let me turn with relief to those more noble and glorious abstractions which shone so brilliantly in your eloquent letter. To begin, let me give you a quotation from Froude which I found this morning in one of Farrer's books.

'"The fallacy" of being surprised at wickedness in prosperity, and righteousness in misery, "can only lie in the supposed *right* to happiness.

. . . . Happiness is not what we are to look for. . . . Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected."

'I entirely agree with you about religion producing happiness, but I don't quite understand your *reducing* the question to happiness in a similar way to my reducing it to humility; I should put it as *resulting* in happiness. The above fragment is very beautiful as applied to one who is a *man* in the full significance of that noble appellation, but I like to think of a Christian as a man, and something more. If it is only manly to bear adversity without complaining, it is the privilege of a Christian to be positively happy, because it is to the Christian alone that all things work together for good, that no evil can happen to, &c., I can admire, too, your philanthropic extension of the subject to the human race in general, though, being ignorant of the method of concomitant forces, I mustn't venture to speak as if I were on certain ground.

'With regard to pride, I'm beginning to think we've talked quite enough about it; being

a most subtle sin it is apt to intrude itself into conversations on humility. It seems to me that all that is required of us is to be aware of what a deadly nature it is, and, therefore, to bear it deadly hatred; we are not required to be free from the temptations to it, and, therefore, must not expect it. It is ours, however, to trust to Christ for our pride every moment, so that there can be no cause for *expecting* to fall into sin by it. May I say you seem to me to be ever living your life in prospect or in retrospect (*i.e.*, when you are thinking on the Christian life), but don't you think that inasmuch as life is made up of moments, and as the present moment is all one can call one's own, it is our duty to trust Christ for each moment as it passes? If I do not retain any conscious iniquity in my heart, mayn't I expect that Christ will keep me this moment without sin? Then as moments fly away, the retrospect is instructive, but not unhappy, and as for the future, I am called upon to "take no (anxious) thought for it," but simply to trust Christ now. . . .

'Believe me, very affectionately yours,

'GEO. A. BISHOP.'

Going back a little in date, for it did not seem advisable to break into the former correspondence, there is a letter from George to his friend, Mr. F——, in which we catch a glimpse of his love for the Church of England:—

146 *King's Road, Brighton,*
Aug. 6, 1875.

'—— I can well understand that you are uncommonly busy, I only wish I were the same. I'm sorry to say that I'm very much the opposite: of course my work is to recruit, and I'm doing that, but besides that there is not very much work to do. I have advertised in some of the Brighton papers to give tuition to visitors' boys, and hope to get a pupil or two, which would be great fun.

'You see I've made up my mind to stay here altogether. Last Sunday I was going to church with my brother, and talking about returning to Cambridge, and planning a second trip to Lowestoft with you if you'd come in the middle of August, on the ground of that excellent verse in the Book of Ecclesiasticus, "When thou findest a wise man, get thee betimes to him, and let thy foot wear the steps of his door,"

which was to be sent to Mr. Webb with the intimation of our arrival, when lo! at the beginning of the Psalms my old heart began again, so I had to go home and keep quiet. I think it is all indigestion, and my internal arrangements are still a little refractory.

'I'm glad you have been having jolly lectures; and get to talk to old B—— if you can, also I want you very much to talk to T—— about our dear old Church if you can get an opportunity, please do, old boy, if possible.'

To the Rev. C. Wilson, in reply to a request to join in his week of mission services:—

'*Brighton, Sept.* 4, 1875.

'MY BELOVED C. LEA,—

'Pardon the rudeness of so familiar an appellation, but it seems to come naturally, notwithstanding that I know you are now "the reverend." Don't I long for the time when I shall be so too? About my coming to your mission, I regret that I shall be unable in any case to come, though I should so very much like

to, both for the great pleasure of being engaged in so glorious a work, and also for the additional enjoyment of working under you for a bit. After being at Cambridge for a fortnight at the beginning of the Long, one wet morning I suddenly collapsed, had to leave, and finally came down here to recruit. I had got better gradually, but began to play the fool in walking too far and up steep hills, and so knocked up again, and for the last fortnight I have been on my back. . . . . I suppose the time with you is passing very quickly. *I* seem to have lived a lifetime within the last ten days, and yet it has been a grand time. Sickness is not an evil.'

To Mr. F——:—

'*The Mount, Oct.* 13, 1875.

'MY DEAR F——,

'Thanks very much for your kind and very F—— like letter. You must qualify your sympathy for me, old boy, in future by remembering that though I'm not able to come up, I have been well enough to have had a rare jolly time of it for the last three weeks with D——,

whose people were so kind and jolly that it made it quite a pleasure to be seedy. I have been enjoying that pretty hymn of Monod's you mentioned in the Long, the last line of verse four * is the meaning of every sickness to the Christian, or ought to be, I quite think, and, indeed, old F——, I've had a rare time of it all the summer; and I think I may say that He Who doeth all things well has made up to me in learning all that I have missed in erudition. Everything turns out so nice too (that is, of course, when the events are passed in some cases) that I begin to feel quite sorry for poor, healthy fellows who don't know how jolly it is to be ill. But for all that I'm very anxious to get well again, and think it is only a question of time. I hope to come up for the tripos, and do well enough to scrape through. You may imagine I've not much ambition left to distinguish myself with a second class; but you who have let me hope a great deal, just grind away well, old boy, and may you do well and have a grand lot of blessing this term besides.

'Did I tell you that my old home here is

* 'None of self, and all of Thee.'

sold and done for? We are all to turn out in a week. . . .

'Much love from

'Yours ever affectionately,

'GEORGE A. BISHOP.'

The hymn referred to above is the following, by the eloquent Theodore Monod:—

'Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self and none of Thee."

'Yet He found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

'Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

'Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of Thee."'

The following, to the same, gives his own account of his illness:—

'*Oct.* 26, 1875.

'MY DEAR F——,

'. . . . I saw a London doctor this morning of distinguished abilities, and he prophesied my recovery in six months, with reasonable care in the meantime; after examination had, I asked him what was the matter with me, as I should be very much interested to know? and out came a long string of words which were pretty well lost upon me, but the moral of it was a mild kind of paralysis, rather a startling word, but happily not of a serious nature, as I may look forward to getting over it altogether in time. It is only my legs that are affected, my head, happily, contains not less nonsense than heretofore, so that I can read as much as I like pretty well; with the exception of the lameness I am as right as possible in other respects, and doubtless all will come right in the end, in fact it can't help.

'I thought you would like to hear all this; you must please draw it mild if you say anything about it to others of my friends. Good-

bye, and very much love to you, dear old boy, I know you're awfully busy, and very often think about you.

'Ever very affectionately,

'GEORGE A. BISHOP.'

George's last letter to his old Uppingham friend :—

'*Nov.* 24, 1875.

'MY DEARLY BELOVED AND LONG UNHEARD OF H——,

'For your most benevolent letter, brought me by M——, and of the kindness and sympathy which filled it to overflowing, I am at a loss to express myself sufficiently grateful, but indeed it was just such a letter as one would expect from just such a dear and venerable old boy as you, and my appreciation of your letter I must beg you to measure by the regard which I have ever entertained for your person. . . .

'. . . How very jolly for you to be looking forward to your ordination so soon! I'm afraid I'm sadly jealous that I cannot share your gladness, but shall look forward to your coming to see me shortly, with great pleasure. Except

being a complete cripple, I am comparatively well. . . . The essence of my calamity consists in its continuance. I have been a month now in this state, and not made one bit of progress towards getting stronger. The doctor comes once a week to see when I'm going to begin, and comforts me with the reflection that I'm not worse! However, I'm not low-spirited, old boy; on the contrary, I'm very happy, and though I would fain be well, find it wonderful good training not to be.

'Much love.

'Believe me ever affectionately yours,

'GEORGE A. BISHOP.'

To another friend:—

'Are you sure that you always remember that *you* are not responsible for the souls of people? I think you saw when we talked about it at ——, that you had no right to *talk* to them as if you were, and what I want you to see now is, that you mustn't either *think* of them as if you were. God will do His part, you don't know what it is; *you* must do *your* part, and you *do* know what that is, and all your anxiety

must be to do it. It is to be ever kind to them, gentle to them, unselfish to them, thoughtful for them, long-suffering with them, entirely irrespective of whatever they may do, or think, or say, and to pray for them as I know you do; in all respects to imitate the character of Jesus in your relations to them. Tell me how you think about this.'

The following extracts are from George's letters to a friend who was ill, and suffering greatly at this time, between whom and himself there was great sympathy:—

'*Dec.* 10, 1873.

'Let me send you Rom. xii. 12: "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." A nice little threefold text, which my own experience, such as it is, has found of wonderful efficacy to cheer, to soothe, and to comfort.

'You are a noble little —— to make a heaven of a bed of pain, and will be nobler still; and I have a shrewd idea that you are fired with a similar ambition to that which between you and me, I confess to myself, that of St. Paul in Phil. i. 20, where he speaks of "My earnest expectation

and my hope, that in *nothing I shall be ashamed*, but that with all boldness, as always, so now *Christ shall be magnified in my body*, whether it be by life, or by death." You cannot free your poor body from pain, and even if you could, you would gain no actual blessing, but you *can* let Christ be magnified in your body, and that is a grand honour worth obtaining, and which no circumstances that could possibly happen have power to disappoint you of, if you have the mind to obtain it.' . . .

'Take your Christianity from Christ, not from Christians; there is a rule for everything in His holy book if you will only seek for it. I fear the Christianity that accepts right and wrong because a Christian says it is so!'

'I'm so pleased to find we understand each other so well, so that in future a few words will speak a great deal, and I don't like ever to talk a lot.

'Thank you so much for your prayer for me; I think I speak without pride, but really when I read what you had prayed for me, it seemed to put into words a sort of vague but very happy feeling which I have had of late; in thinking of

the Saviour's life I never admired so much the entire *unselfishness* of His kindness as it has seemed to strike me of late, and I can understand a little more what a luxury it must have been for Him to be continually doing good, and turning sad faces into bright ones.'

'. . . I *do* like what you say of the character of Jesus growing more lovely every day; indeed I think it is the same with me. I love to think of Him as *Perfect Man* as well as Perfect God, and to know that everything which is manly, and pure, and noble in anyone I love on earth, has its *perfection* of beauty in Jesus.

'I have read what you say about Phil. ii. 3, and am afraid I repeat it. It is true that this particular text refers to Christian people, but "*both among yourselves and towards all men*," is a vein which runs through all the epistles, and applies to every Christian grace; and the "all men" in those early days were absolute pagans, and now mostly all people have a profession of Christianity; and whatever be your silent conviction, you ought to *esteem* them as if they were what they profess. There is too much selfishness and too little humility in the way we treat

those around us; we seem to put ourselves within a nice little circle, alas! too often of our own making, and think we may use our judgment to say who is outside. But this arrangement, however comfortable for ourselves, is not consistent with the charity that thinketh no evil, that believeth all things, and hopeth all things; and if Paul was nothing without charity, *we* shall not be more. I don't wonder that people see pride and selfishness in *good* people; don't we see it all too often, and are we free from it ourselves? Are we to shut our eyes to these hateful sins in those we look upon as within the circle? or shall we not rather confess it, hating it as God hates it in whomsoever He sees it? "If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye?" I am to love every man, because he is my fellow-man, in which relationship I stand to all alike, and those to whom I am more nearly related, I must love in proportion more, rendering to all their due. I am to love Christ most, as containing the perfection of all that is loveable, and whatever is Christlike in any man I see, that I love too for His sake, and whatever is evil in any man I see, that I hate because Christ hates

it. Surely I must never love any one simply because he is inside a circle of my own making.

'You speak of esteeming a Christian "very highly in love for his work's sake;" this is said of those who are "over you in the Lord," and was meant to show the Christian Thessalonians the spirit in which they were to regard the elders who ministered to them. I am not "over you in the Lord," but as a clergyman, if I become one, I *shall* be, and then it will be your duty to esteem me, &c., not for my *own* sake, or even that which is worthy in *me* to be esteemed, but for my *work's* sake, and that because it will be a sacred work in itself most worthy of respect. If I baptize a child, God sends His blessing; if I marry a couple, God hath joined them together, &c. Think of this, and tell me if, when we speak disparagingly of such clergymen as follow not with us, we are obeying this divine command.'

CHAPTER VII.

'He bringeth out to light the shadows of death.'—*Job*, xii. 22.

'Let me to thy bosom fly.'

IT was on Christmas morning that George was seized with his last and severest illness. He had not appeared worse previously, but had been by turns a good deal excited and depressed about going to Cambridge the following January for his final examination. There was, naturally, a good deal of anxiety about it, in his unfit state of health, but at the same time much doubt whether the bodily exertion would be a greater evil than checking his keen desire and expectation.

The medical men had hardly given a decided answer, and the question was still at issue when it was practically decided by his extreme and sudden illness, which entirely overpowered him as he was preparing to go out, and it was soon

evident that the affection which had before paralyzed only the lower limbs, had extended to the brain.

He was insensible for some time, and though consciousness returned, he was never again entirely himself throughout the long sad week that followed. At times he was silent and apparently unconscious, but more often he was speaking in a strange unconnected way, often without any reference to what was going on around, and then again joining in the passing talk.

His utterances were principally repetitions of verses of Scripture, which seemed to crowd in upon his memory, or to be suggested by the words of those about him, or by little acts of service rendered to himself. Added to these were short sentences of earnest prayer, or bits of anthems or hymns. Of the latter, 'While Shepherds watched their flocks by night,' seemed a favourite; and then he would hum the chimes of church-bells, or sing them to the words, 'Have faith in God, have faith in God;' or to, 'Let everything that hath breath, *praise*.'

On Christmas afternoon as he lay on the

sofa, speaking continuously, but somewhat ramblingly, he said, 'Get the book of Ecclesiastes and read—read, "Remember."' No one moved, for it seemed doubtful if he was conscious of what he was saying, till he said, as if in distress, 'Will no one read the Word of God to a poor fellow?' His sister began by reading, 'Remember now thy Creator,' when he called out, 'Stop, stop,' and yet seemed listening for more. Again the words were repeated, and again he called to her stop. After a short interval she slightly altered the words, saying, 'Remember now thy *Saviour*,' and at that name he seemed to have found what he needed, and bowed his head, listening quietly while she read them again and again.

He also called to his father and asked if he were dying; and hearing that there was no reason to expect it, he threw his head back on the sofa, saying, 'No, I think not; I don't think I am dying.' But though he never again asked any questions about it, the thought of death seemed gradually to have grown upon him, and he mentioned it at different times quite calmly and naturally. 'It is not very hard to die,' he said at one time, 'only a little change;' and at

another, 'I do not mind dying for myself;' and as the end drew nearer, he called in a strong, almost glad voice to his sister, 'K——, K——, I'm *dying*, K——;' and then added, 'Mother dear, I'm going; it's *all right*.'

Towards evening he fell into a quiet sleep for an hour or two, and on awaking he seemed at first to be quite himself; knew those who were with him, and asked how long he had been in that state, which seemed to him like a frightful dream. He said he was afraid he had been giving a great deal of trouble, and that his head felt all in a whirl; but soon afterwards his words became less coherent, and he gradually fell into a half-conscious state.

On the first night of his illness, those who watched him could not but think that, though hardly conscious of earthly things, the things of heaven and the 'better land' were strangely real and clear to him. The gas was all but out and the room quite dark, but still he seemed overpowered with a sense of light, saying that his eyes were dazzled with it, and asking his brother to put his hand over his eyes to keep it out. He was told that there was no light; but he answered 'God is Light,' and it is He that

makes it so bright; continually repeating, God is Light, and God is Love.'—'Beautiful Light'—'Beautiful Light.' A few minutes later he asked each one to look on the floor; for God was coming; and dark though it was, there was that in his voice which the watchers involuntarily do so, till he said with great solemnity, 'Look, look; God is there. How beautiful!'

Again, in a sort of despair, he begged for hands to be placed over his eyes, adding, 'If you do not make it dark, God will do it for me.' They answered, 'No, God will make it light for you.' But he said, 'God will make my eyes dark for me to see nothing but Him. He is coming into my heart; that is, if I do not think of myself, I must be empty of self, so that God may be all in all. I must think only of Him.' He often spoke of the happiness of 'Snoo,'* asking for things with the words, 'for dear old Snoo.'

He talked much about the Lord Jesus and His death, and frequently exclaimed, 'Look, look at the print of the cruel nails in His hands and His feet; how they are torn with the nails!' He held up his own hand, pointing to

* His pet name.

it, and saying, 'This is where the nails went through,' and after speaking of the pierced side, he repeated,—

'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord.'

'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

'They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots.'

After this it seemed as if he fancied himself to be talking to a number of people, and telling them the way of salvation, in one continual strain of the love of God to man.

On Sunday morning he three times called out the word, 'Corruption,' and it seemed as if all that day and night the thought of sin and evil was before him, grieving and troubling him. 'Sin,' he cried: 'Oh, the corruption that is in the world through sin;' and then he repeated over and over again these different texts of Scripture.

'He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of Mine eye.'

'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.'

'A bone of Him shall not be broken.'

'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'

Once, when his father was sitting beside him, he said, quietly, 'Father! Father!' but when answered he took no notice, and by-and-by other words mingled with the name, and it was evident that he was calling his Heavenly Father. At other times when more restless and disturbed, he would cry, 'O God! O God! God be merciful to me a sinner.' When asked if he would take a little water, he said, 'Water! water! the water of life, freely, freely!' and another time he wanted to moisten his lips with water at night, but when it was offered him, he said, 'Stop. Jesus said, "I thirst,"' and seemed to be thinking of the words before he would take it. He frequently spoke of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane, saying His words—'Could ye not watch with Me one hour?' and again, 'Christ pleased not Himself. Christ overcame death. Oh! what a fight! He was God, that's where it lies. He was the Son of God, and could always appeal to His Father.'

It was not until midday on Thursday (Dec. 30) that all hope was given up, and the absent

members of his family telegraphed for. Later in the evening they all gathered round him, watching till he should be set free, and taken to join the blessed company of the redeemed. He lay motionless, and silent, and apparently utterly unconscious, life just slipping away. One of his brothers knelt beside him, and repeated in his ear the first line of one of his favourite hymns. 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and at that Name, which is above every name, consciousness and power returned for a moment —he caught the words, and took them up, and *sang* the next line, 'Let me to Thy bosom fly,' his voice faltering and failing at the last word. Afterwards he murmured, 'For ever and ever. Amen'—and then lay quite still; there was no groan or struggle, only still, soft breathing as of a little child, and at half-past one it gently ceased, and he entered into the presence of that God, whom he loved and adored, and on the thought of whom he had dwelt with rapture, calling Him—'God is love,' and 'God is light.'

They laid him to rest in the Brompton Cemetery, January 3, 1876, 'in the quiet of the body when the soul is with the blest,' and in the

'sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

On the memorial cards sent to his relations and friends the following text, also to be inscribed on the grave-stone, was written :—

'MANY SAID, HE IS DEAD,
BUT JESUS TOOK HIM BY THE HAND, AND
LIFTED HIM UP.'

'*Thou* hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.'

'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him; even length of days for ever and ever.'

'For Thou hast made him most blessed for ever! Thou hast made him exceeding glad with Thy countenance.'—Ps. xxi. 2, 4, 6.

CHAPTER VIII.

'And now thou know'st the quiet shore,
The brightness very far away;
The nightless rest for evermore,
The day that is not as our day;
Where faith is sight, and doubt is o'er,
And pain a nothing of the past.'

'Having obtained a good report through faith.'—*Heb.* xi. 39.

THE following are extracts from letters written by George's college friends and others on hearing of his death:—

'*Jan.* 4, 1876.

'MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—

'I will not weary you with sympathy, intensely as I feel with you, you must have so much of it; I would rather sit with you in silence before the mystery of mercy which God has vouchsafed to unfold to you of late.

'To have landed such a precious freight on the shores of bliss by the last day of the old

year is indeed no light mercy and privilege. God has allowed you to give Him a rich gift as a token of your unbounded affection and confidence at this hallowed season of the year, when we commemorate His choicest gift to earth, even the gift of His *only* Son.

'How wonderful God's dealings with him! First of all, God took him away from his studies, but he only gave the more diligence to make his calling and election sure. Then God took away the free use of his limbs, but like Jacob, when the angel touched the hollow of his thigh, he only clave the closer, and clung about his Lord. "I will not let Thee go." At last God took away the use of his brain, but his love seemed to grow only more intense, for through all the wild wanderings of the poor, broken instrument the love of the Master vibrated unceasingly even to the last, when with one sharp thrill of joy ("Let me to Thy bosom fly") he sprang to life. "When I awake I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness." Jesus has indeed lifted him up on high! "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, glorious in holiness, *fearful in praises*, doing wonders? Thou hast guided him in Thy strength to Thy holy habitation!"

'God bless you all, dear friends, and make you conscious of the high honour conferred on your house, and fill you all with His near presence.'

'He has been a bright example to me of one who would not talk much, but one who lived Jesus, and of one whose *only* proof of what is God's will is what he found in God's Word.'

'The blow of dear Bishop's death came very unexpectedly. I had not heard of his illness at all, and then just received the card the day after the funeral. It was such a shock to me. I could do nothing but walk up and down the room, hardly able to enter into it at all. Besides, as you may think, the time of the new year was in any case trying. I was thoroughly fond of him, and during my first "Long" was very much in his rooms. I used to read there, and also we had tea in each other's rooms nearly every Sunday evening. He was not a demonstrative and talkative Christian, but needed all the more sympathy and affection. As to his true worth, the regard for him at the Victoria Asylum is sufficient proof. He never seemed ready to

believe when I told him sometimes of what I had heard privately of your united services there.'

'Permit me to join with those who will seek to show their sympathy in the hour of your trial. . . . Although never having had the pleasure personally of being acquainted with your son, I knew him by name and sight very well, and seldom missed seeing him at our daily prayer-meeting. I remember, during the long vacation before the last, he used to join with others in open-air preaching; I have a distinct recollection of noticing him once particularly, and this stirred me up to ask myself, why I I should not also join in this work, which I was led to do the following Easter term.'

'Thank you very much for the card you sent me this morning, though I shall never require that to remind me of dear George. He was more like a brother to me, and throughout the whole of our college life we were companions in almost everything. I cannot tell you how I feel his death—when I look back to this time, a year and a half ago, when our little band of four fast friends was broken up, and now only ——

and myself left. One cannot help feeling how strange are the Lord's ways. How we all promised to come and preach for, and visit one another, in our different churches, and now two are serving God above. Even in this bitter sorrow we can lift up our voice, though with aching hearts, and praise Him for His love. During this last week John, xii. 24,* has been continually before me, and I do pray dear Snoo's death may be blessed to us at Cambridge.'

'—— has not yet come up, but I shall be sure to see him when he does, and doubtless we shall have long talks about dear old Snoo. I know dear Snoo was a great help to him, and that he will miss him much.'

'Thank you so much for dear Snoo's photo; the more I look at it the more I love it. I took it down to the Victoria Asylum on Sunday, and the dear old people liked it so much I was obliged to promise to frame one and put it up in our little meeting-room. On Sunday evening we had a nice gathering of some of dear Snoo's friends in my rooms. . . . Last

* 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'

night I had a committee meeting of the L. M. B. C. in my rooms. When business was over, I said: "I think as we all loved George Bishop so much you would like to hear an account of his last days," and then read them the account you kindly allowed me to copy. The simple words drew the tears from many eyes. . . . . On Saturday night there is the L. M. B. C. general meeting, when I shall have to notice Snoo's death, and also the Saturday evening Sunday School teachers' meeting, which was begun just a year ago in dear Snoo's rooms.'

'I seemed to be warned by the account of George's death from a state of callousness that my reading (moral science) tends to drag me into.'

'I cannot throw myself into your feelings, but I can tell you my own; and when I think of his death I am filled with a strange feeling of awe, which gives place to sorrow as I remember the love that bound us together, and the debt of gratitude I can never repay. I should dearly like to hear of that last time on earth if it were

possible. I feel confident of a glorious victory in asking God, "May my last end be like his."'

'—— came to me this morning, and said, "I am going to lead a different life this term."'

'The sad announcement I have seen in the *Times* makes me long to assure you, in a very few words, of my deep sympathy and prayers, knowing as I did the dear one who has so early heard the Master's call, whom he served so truly and so faithfully. I saw him last when I was at the Mildmay Conference of 1874, and his bright young face rises before me now, as I shall see it when "the dead in Christ shall rise," perhaps very soon. For him we cannot grieve, but what a loss such a young man is!'

'In a conversation with a schoolfellow of our dear friend, George Bishop, the other day, I asked what he knew of George, and he told me briefly that he was a very good fellow, whose religion was felt by all to be a reality; that at first he met with much persecution on account of it, but that soon all who knew him began

thoroughly to respect him. Though not perhaps agreeing with him, they saw that his life was thoroughly consistent, and that there was "no sham" about his profession. I was much struck with such testimony from a man whom I did not know very well, but who had evidently felt the power of George's influence at Uppingham, and regretted that a "memento" had not been sent to him as it had been to others of his friends.'

From a college friend to his own mother:

'My mind is so full of dear old George that I can't help writing a bit. He was laid in the Brompton Cemetery to-day at 2 o'clock. I had quite intended to go up for it, but on looking over my list of still unrevised subjects, it seemed so clearly my duty to stay that I gave it up, though it was awfully hard to do; but I am sure it was best, for of course work must be my first thought just now, and you know how anxious *he* was that I should "stick to it well;" and besides this it would perhaps have upset me too much: so as it was, I was able just to read quietly the beautiful service to myself and be with them in spirit. Curiously enough, when at

Lowestoft together, we talked a good deal about that very service, it being a special favourite of his. He was always so much against making a Christian's death a season of mourning, saying that the tone of the whole service was the very opposite of "mournful;" and all this has made his death so different to me, and I feel that it would be wrong to grieve over him.

'Hundreds of little remembrances keep coming up, and in all the one pervading thing is such deep and yet such natural and bright *love* to Jesus. His favourite hymn which we often used to sing together, and he nearly all day, was —"It passeth knowledge that dear love of Thine," in the extra "Songs and Solos."

'My prayer is now, and I am sure it would be his wish, that I may not think too much of him, but may rather look to his Saviour and learn to love Him with the same love. . . . There seems to me to be such a strong bond now between the things that are "above" and myself.'

The following letter is from a poor woman in the workhouse of Stoke-upon-Trent:—

'I know you will be pleased to hear some little account of the visits paid to us by your dear beloved son, who has lately been called away to his everlasting rest. I have often wished there had been someone here who had remembered him, that would have been more competent than myself of giving an account of his visits here amongst us; but there are none who remember him but myself, as this is a place of so many changes, and it is now four years since he paid us his last visit. It was in the year 1868 that your dear son commenced visiting us here. I was surprised to see one so young come out amongst so many as there generally are in workhouses, and speak so firmly and boldly as he did for his precious Saviour. He soon seemed to gain the warm attention of the poor inmates. He generally selected some of the most simple and most beautiful portions of Scripture that the poor people might best understand. It seemed to be his whole aim to do his best to win souls for Christ, and he always strove to point out the way we should walk in very plainly. He generally left us with a desire for the time to come when we should see him

again. I have often heard the nurse on the males' side to say how pleased her poor patients were to see Mr. Bishop. She said, if they were out for a little airing, on hearing that he was come they were soon assembled in their wards. He told me one day, towards the close of his coming to the workhouse, that, while engaged in prayer there was one poor man cried out for the Lord to have mercy upon him—there was quite a revival amongst them. The poor man prayed fervently, and professed to have found peace. I have often heard the poor women say, when he and other Christian visitors passed out of the room, that they have heard more about Jesus, and felt more interested in what they had heard here, than they had done in all their lives previous. I have no doubt but what he has met with some of those poor creatures that he has laboured with so much here. And I have no doubt but what he has been a means of sowing seed that may yet spring up to the honour and praise of God. During his last general visit here he read to us that portion of Scripture where we are told of Christ entering the Temple. He explained it in a most beautiful and solemn manner. He strove to impress it very deeply

upon each of our minds, and showed us plainly that we could not serve God and mammon. He said that we must ask Jesus to cleanse the Temple, that He might come in and abide with us for ever, as we could not get to heaven without this.

'One poor woman, who died shortly after his first visit, thought she was in the right way, and that she was as good as others, but she told me a few days previous to her death that dear Mr. George had been a means of enlightening her darkness, and she died rejoicing in her Saviour. I do wish we had more such workers here.'

'Darkly, blindly, wander we
On the earth below,
Where the flowers of God's upraising
To their glory grow.

'We amongst the tangled fibres
Of the shapeless roots,—
Far above us bloom the flowers,
Glean the golden fruits.

'Far above and high in heaven
Midst the fair white light,
Rainbow-coloured, beautiful
In the Father's sight.

'High above, where angels wander,
Do those flowers expand,
All undreamed of—unimagined
In our shadow-land.

'They amidst the golden sunshine,
We amidst the gloom—
Knowing but some wandering sweetness
Of their strange perfume.

'Oh, when in the summer morning
Of our childhood new,
We shall wander through the meadows
Bright with glorious dew,—

'Wander through the fields of heaven,
Singing as we go;
Gathering all the flowers that blossomed
From our griefs below.

'Then how faint, and dim, and distant,
As a shadowy shore,
Shall appear that first existence
Past for evermore;

'All the trembling and the weeping,
Longings deep and blind;
All the strange mysterious symbols
Which the truth enshrined.

'Come, thou bright and holy morning;
Lord, our Sun arise;
Send the angels of Thy coming
Through the silent skies.'

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